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5 Cents.

FAME AND FORTUNE

STORIES
OF
BOYS

WEEKLY.

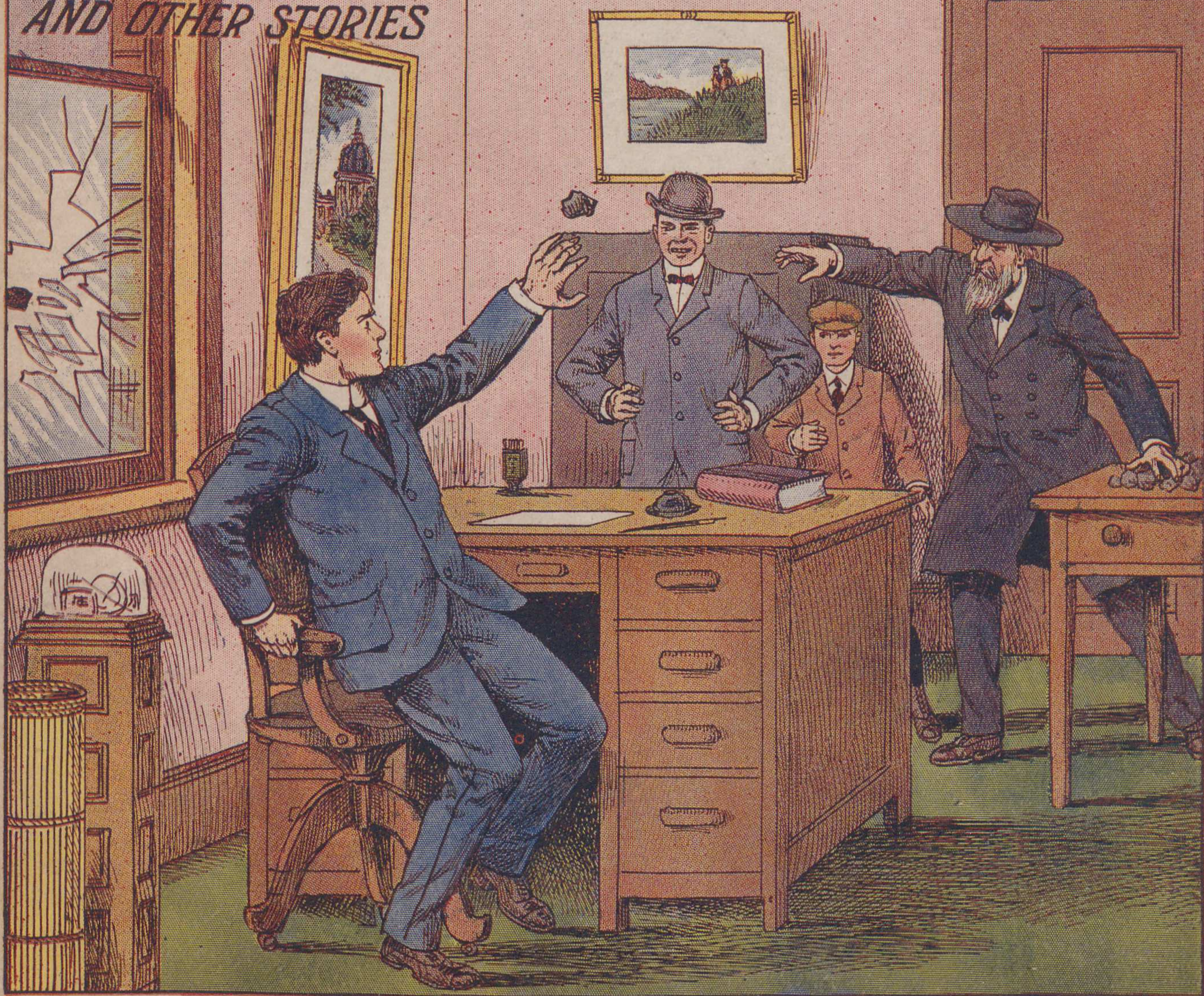
WHO MAKE
MONEY.

THE YOUNG COPPER KING OR THE BOY WHO WENT THE LIMIT

(A STORY OF WALL STREET)

By
A Self-Made Man

AND OTHER STORIES



With an exclamation of anger, Jackson suddenly snatched up one of the copper specimens and let it fly at Nick. The boy threw up his arm and dodged. The rock struck the window behind him with a crash, splintering it.

Fame and Fortune Weekly

STORIES OF BOYS WHO MAKE MONEY

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No. 370.

NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 1, 1912.

Price 5 Cents.

THE YOUNG COPPER KING

OR,

THE BOY WHO WENT THE LIMIT

(A STORY OF WALL STREET)

By A SELF-MADE MAN

CHAPTER I.

NICK EXPRESSES HIS OPINION.

"Nick—Nick Brown!" cried Broker Tuckerman, standing at the door of his private office, and looking across the untenanted reception-room into the counting-room. "Where in thunder is that boy?"

"Gone out, sir," said Cashier Jenkins from his desk.

"He's always out when I particularly want him. Where has he gone?"

"Took a note to Smart & Co. It was about Ventura Copper. You remember——"

"Yes, yes, that's all right. How long has he been out?"

"Twenty minutes or so."

"It's time he was back."

"I think it is. He may have been detained at Smart & Co.'s."

"Send him in to me as soon as he gets back."

"Yes, sir."

"By the way, Mr. Jenkins, did you make a call on Havens for more margin on his copper stock?"

"Yes, sir."

"Has he responded?"

"Not yet, sir. The price went up a point this morning, I heard you say, and that this bear raid had probably touched bottom, and so I suppose——"

"Never mind what you heard me say, nor what you suppose. Make an entry of a transaction as having occurred yesterday and report him closed out at 23."

"Yes, sir," answered Mr. Jenkins.

"And, Mr. Jenkins——"

"Yes, sir?"

"If Havens calls I'm too busy to see him. Tell Nick to sidetrack him. You understand?"

"Yes, sir."

Mr. Tuckerman re-entered his room and closed the door.

He was a stout and pompous man of five and fifty, who wore fine clothes as befitted a successful stock broker.

On the little finger of his left hand glittered a large diamond, in his handsome tie another, and across his expensive vest a heavy gold chain, from pocket to pocket, with a large emblem depending therefrom.

He was known to be wealthy; and this, with his spotless linen and general air of financial responsibility, conveyed the impression that he was an eminently respectable gentleman.

He had a partner twenty years his junior, who had a third interest in the firm.

The junior partner's name was Craig.

Mr. Tuckerman was the capitalist and manager, while Mr. Craig executed the orders of the firm and did it with energy, shrewdness and tact.

The substantial-looking senior partner had hardly seated

himself at his desk beside the window overlooking Wall Street when Nick Brown, the office boy and messenger, a bright, active and healthy boy, bounced into the office and handed an envelope to Cashier Jenkins.

"Mr. Tuckerman wants to see you, Brown," said the cashier.

Nick knocked at the door of the private room and was told to enter.

"You wanted me, Mr. Tuckerman?" he asked, respectfully.

"Take this note to Mr. Craig at the Exchange," said the broker.

"Yes, sir," replied Nick, starting for the door.

"Hold on!" said Mr. Tuckerman, sharply.

Nick returned to the desk.

"Leave this letter at Duncan & Co., on Beaver street."

"Is that all?"

"Yes. One moment. If Havens calls when you're at your post outside, remember I'm busy. Can't see him. Understand?"

"Yes, sir," and Nick made his exit without being called back again.

He stepped up to the cashier's window.

"I've got a note to deliver at the Exchange, and then I've got to go to Beaver street."

The cashier nodded and Nick left the office.

Coming in at the door he came face to face with a pretty, modest-looking girl.

Her face so greatly resembled that of Harry Havens, the young customer of the firm whom Mr. Tuckerman had decided not to see any more, if he could help it, that Nick stopped and stared at her.

"I beg your pardon, miss, but are you any relation of Harry Havens, a customer of ours?" he asked.

"I am his sister," she replied, nervously. "You are connected with the firm of Tuckerman & Craig?"

"Yes, Miss Havens."

"Is either of those gentlemen in?"

"Mr. Tuckerman is."

"Could I see him?"

"I guess so. Speak to the cashier at that window yonder. He will send your name and request in to Mr. Tuckerman."

He held the door open politely, and closing it after the girl started for the elevator.

Going to the Exchange, he delivered the note addressed to the junior partner.

Craig read it and dismissed him, whereupon he started for Beaver street.

He had been to Duncan & Co. and knew they were liquor dealers.

The firm occupied the ground floor and cellar.

The office was at the back and Nick proceeded there.

Entering the counting-room he handed the note to the head bookkeeper.

That individual opened it and said all right.

As Nick started for the door he found his path blocked by a large barrel that was being rolled toward him by a couple of stout porters.

He stepped into a narrow alley between two rows of barrels, to wait until the barrel was out of his way.

He heard the voice of a man in the next alley.

"If you want to get in on a good thing, Duncan, buy Idaho Copper. It's down to bed-rock now, and I have it from those who are in a position to know that it will go up to 35. You can buy it now for 25. That will give you a profit of \$10 a share. It might go even higher if conditions are favorable. I've promised you a tip, so now you have it."

"Much obliged. I'll take advantage of your pointer and buy some of it," said the liquor importer.

"Do so and you won't regret it. I don't know of anything better than copper these days, though it is true that all copper stocks lately got a setback. You can't keep a good thing down, however, and they're bound to have a boom—Idaho in particular."

The gentlemen walked away and Nick heard no more, but the little he had heard was enough to give him a pointer on Idaho Copper.

He was always on the lookout for a tip on the stock market, for he was a born speculator, and had been taking chances on stocks for the past eighteen months on the quiet with varying results, mostly, however, in his favor, so that he had accumulated quite a little roll of the long green.

Nick lived in New Rochelle, and came to the city every business morning on the New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad, which landed him at the Grand Central station on 42d street, and the subway, which was a new institutions in those days, carried him downtown.

His father carried on a real estate business in New Rochelle, and was agent for several fire insurance companies, and also secured loans on real estate in Westchester County on commission.

The family lived in a small cottage on one of the residential streets, and while Mr. Brown owned his house he was not overburdened with ready money.

Nick, finding his way now clear to the door, was soon on his way back to the office, with the fixed purpose in his mind of getting in on Idaho Copper and making the \$10 a share profit that the broker had declared was in sight.

When he entered the reception-room he found Harry Havens there talking to the cashier.

The young man, who was hardly more than a boy, was insistent on seeing Mr. Tuckerman, but Jenkins, having his orders, told him that the broker was engaged with some big bank director and couldn't see any visitor.

Havens held the statement in his hand that the cashier had passed out to him.

This statement showed him that his deal in Idaho Copper had been closed out, for lack of additional margin, and that he stood indebted to the house in the sum of something like \$50.

The discovery that his account was closed had quite overcome the bright-faced boy.

"I don't see how you could have sold me out," protested Havens, with a troubled look.

"We called on you for additional margin and you failed to respond," answered Jenkins.

"But it's quoted on the ticker at 25 at this moment," said the youth. "That leaves me a small margin of safety."

"It dropped to 23 yesterday, ten points below what you bought it for, and consequently——"

"But it only touched 23 and almost immediately went to 24. There was no reason why I should have been sold out. It's taking an unfair advantage of a fellow. If you stand by that statement it means ruin to me," and the boy's voice broke.

"I'm sorry, Havens, but you ought not to have gone into the stock market unless you could afford to lose your money," said the cashier, who really sympathized with the boy, particularly because he was in the habit of doing so when he wanted to get rid of certain speculators who had ceased to be profitable.

"I know I was a fool," said Havens, bitterly. "But the papers said copper was going up, and everybody I spoke to said that all the copper stocks worth anything were sure to advance, so I persuaded my mother to put her money with mine and we'd surely make a good thing. And now things have gone the other way, and I've been sold out for a paltry

few hundred margin. Mr. Tuckerman is rich. Why couldn't he give me a chance to make something? Anyhow, there was no reason for him to have me sold out on the spur of the minute. It's a shame!"

Jenkins turned to his books and left the boy standing there. Nick walked up to him.

"What's the trouble, Havens?" he asked. "If you've sold out your Idaho Copper you've made a mistake, besides losing your money."

"I didn't sell it, but Mr. Tuckerman did. Here is my statement showing that my deal was closed out at the loss of all my margin, and leaving me owing the firm a matter of \$50 commission," said Havens.

"You don't mean it!" said Nick. "Gee! that's rough. Wasn't you able to protect your deal?"

"I bought it at 33. At that time Mr. Tuckerman said he believed it would go to 40. Instead of that a bear raid sent it down, day by day, till yesterday morning it was around 24 and a fraction. Then I got a notice calling on me for more margin. I had no more to put up, and all I could do was to watch the stock and hope for the best. It touched 23 along about three o'clock and closed at 23 3-8. Now I am reported sold out at 23. I don't believe Mr. Tuckerman sold the stock. I believe he just took advantage of the quotation to rob me out of my little money. Why, the stock opened this morning at 23 5-8 and is now 25. I think it's an outrage."

Nick had been watching copper himself since it slumped, looking to see it recover, and he knew that, according to the tape that only one transaction appeared on it at 23.

That, however, was no evidence that a dozen private sales at the same figure had not taken place outside of the Exchange.

His experience in Wall Street made him wise to many little kinks worked by the brokers among themselves, many of which were of the "wash sale" order.

He knew that Tuckerman & Craig were not above such things, if they saw some advantage to be gained thereby.

The firm never overlooked a chance to make money, even at the expense of a customer, but they always did it in a legal way, though sometimes their methods might be questioned.

Mr. Tuckerman's orders to sidetrack Havens when he called made Nick suspicious that the firm had taken advantage of the drop of the copper stock to 23 to exercise the absolute right they had to protect themselves.

The fact that the price recovered almost immediately enough to secure them their commission made it look bad, for the steal, if such it could be called, was small.

Nick at once surmised that it was a scheme to get rid of a small customer, and as he had taken a great liking to Harry Havens, whose ways were frank, ingenious and winning, he felt indignant.

"I agree with you. I think Mr. Tuckerman didn't treat you fairly. Probably Mr. Craig made a wash sale of your 200 shares, and the stock has been transferred to the firm, who will make the profit out of the rise that honestly belongs to you."

Nick wouldn't have been quite so frank in his remarks had he known that Mr. Tuckerman was standing at the door of his room at that moment within earshot.

The broker had come out to see the cashier about something, but observing the presence of Havens had paused.

He heard what his young customer said, and then Nick's reply.

Instantly his eyes blazed with anger.

"Brown," he said, sharply, "I'd like to see you in my room." Then he went back to his desk.

"My!" thought Nick, "I wonder if he heard what I said? If he did there'll be something doing. Excuse me, Havens," he added, starting for the private room.

CHAPTER II.

NICK IS DISCHARGED.

When Nick looked at the senior partner he felt that his suspicions were true, for Mr. Tuckerman looked sour and threatening.

Furthermore, the fact that the broker called him Brown was a bad sign.

"I overheard what you said to young Havens just now," said Mr. Tuckerman, in a disagreeable tone, "and I don't like it, do you understand? Who gave you the authority to criticize my actions or those of Mr. Craig?"

"What I said was merely my own opinion, sir, and it does not follow that it is correct," replied Nick, who was an independent boy, and had the courage of his convictions.

"Havens was complaining that he had been unfairly sold out—"

"And it's your opinion that he was, eh?" interrupted the broker, with a black look.

"From the way he put it it looked that way."

"Very well; if that's the way you look at it I have no further use for you in this office. Collect your week's wages from the cashier and get out."

"I'm discharged, then?"

"Yes. I don't want you around here any longer."

"All right, Mr. Tuckerman. You don't have to keep me. I've been with you three years, and have always done my duty. I'm perfectly willing to give somebody else the chance to run your errands."

"You needn't expect any recommendation, for I won't give you one," said Tuckerman.

"I guess I don't need any recommendation. I'm through with the messenger business. I've had some thoughts of resigning, anyway."

"That's why you're so independent. Well, if you get another position in Wall Street I'll see that you don't keep it."

"That is very kind of you, Mr. Tuckerman," said Nick, sarcastically. "It is about on a par with the methods you have pursued toward Havens."

"What's that? How dare you talk that way to me? Get out of my office, or I'll have you thrown out!"

"Good-afternoon, sir!" and Nick walked out and went to the cashier's window.

"I'll take my week's wages, Mr. Jenkins, if you please," he said.

"Eh? Your week's wages! What do you mean?" said Jenkins, in surprise.

"Mr. Tuckerman told me to ask you for the money."

"What for? Where are you going?"

"Going to leave the office. The senior boss and I have had a run-in, and he said he could get along without my valuable services hereafter."

"Do you mean to say you have been discharged?" said the astonished cashier.

"That's about the size of it. Mr. Tuckerman told me to get out."

"What was the trouble?"

"I expressed an opinion about his methods that he didn't like. He hauled me over the coals for it, and as I failed to make a humble apology he fired me."

"Why did you express an opinion about the methods of the house? Don't you know that you have no right to do such a thing?"

"The opinion was expressed to a third party and not intended for the boss' ears. He happened to come to the door and overheard it, hence the row."

"Who did you express the opinion to?"

"Harry Havens. He said he had not been squarely treated in respect to his deal, and I agreed with him."

"What do you know about it?"

"Well, I have a strong notion that he was not really sold out. That the thing was worked to get rid of him as a customer. It has been done before more than once since I've been connected with the office."

"Supposing such a thing to be true, what business is it of yours?"

"Havens is one of the nicest fellows in the world, and I hate to see him victimized."

"You'd better be careful and not spread such an impression or you'll get into trouble."

"Mr. Tuckerman would sue me for libel, eh?"

"He could have you arrested on the ground you were trying to injure the reputation of the firm. In any case, you'd find it hard to get another position, or hold it if you got it."

"I'm not looking for another position. But you needn't worry about me saying anything about the firm that isn't straight. More than one broker does what this firm occasionally does that is not exactly charitable towards a customer. Such methods are considered quite regular in the Street. It wouldn't do any good to speak about them. Well, if you'll hand me my wages I'll take my departure."

"I'm sorry you have to leave, Brown, for I consider you the best messenger we ever had. Maybe the boss will relent between this and Monday and send for you."

"I don't imagine he will. If he did I don't think I'd come back."

"Oh, I guess you would. Here's your money," said the cashier.

Nick put his wages in his pocket and walked out.

Harry Havens had already gone, much broken in spirit,

and utterly unable to summon up resolution to go home and tell his mother the bad tidings.

He was not aware that his sister had visited the office and there learned the truth, which, by that time, she had communicated to their mother.

It wasn't the fear of a talking-to that deterred him.

The little family lived on terms of the greatest amity, and whenever the little mother, who was a widow of several years' standing, felt called on to scold one of her two children for anything they had been guilty of it was always of the mildest character—a heart-to-heart talk between mother and child.

It was bad enough to lose his own 1,000, which he had taken from the bank to put up on Idaho Copper, but it was the thought that he had lost \$1,000 of his mother's money, which she could ill afford to part with that made Harry sick at heart.

He was indignant over the sharp treatment he had received at the hands of a wealthy and respectable brokerage firm, which might easily have carried his deal on its books when it was seen that the price of the stock was recovering, but that was as nothing compared with the ordeal of having to confess his ill luck to his mother.

She had trusted to his judgment and it had been found wanting.

Feeling as if he'd like to drown himself he walked aimlessly down Broad street, up Beaver and over to the little Bowling Green park.

There he sat down, feeling at that moment that the world was very dark indeed.

In the meanwhile Nick walked down Broad street as far as the quick-lunch house he was in the habit of patronizing, and ordered a meat stew, a cup of coffee and a slice of pie.

The loss of his job did not seem to affect his appetite, nor were there any visible evidences of woe in his good-looking and manly face.

A messenger friend named Dick Davenport came in and mounted the stool beside him.

"Hello, Nick, how's things?"

"That depends."

"On what?"

"What kind of things you refer to."

"You know what I mean."

"Well, I've picked up a tip for one thing."

"That's good."

"And I've lost my job for another."

"You've what—lost your job? Go on, you're kidding me."

"Not a bit of it. I've parted company with Tuckerman & Craig."

"What for?"

"Reasons which the senior partner thought good and sufficient."

"You're fired, then?"

"Short and quick."

"Well, I'm surprised. What was the trouble?"

"That's private matter between me and Mr. Tuckerman."

"He's lost a good messenger. You'll have no trouble in catching on somewhere else."

"I'm not in a hurry to work for somebody else."

"You're going to lay off a while, then? I wish I could afford to."

"I think I can make more money paddling my own canoe."

"At what?"

"I'm not giving out any advance information. As I have some business to attend to before three I'll leave you to finish your lunch by yourself."

Nick paid his check and took his way back to Wall Street, where he visited a certain safe-deposit vault where he kept his money.

He had \$3,500 in good money in his box, and no one knew it but himself.

He took out \$3,000 and going to the office of a Curb broker he was on good terms with, George Hartley by name, he put it up as margin on 300 shares of Idaho Copper, at 25.

"I don't know that I ought to encourage you in your speculations," said Hartley, when Nick made known his business. "It's against the unwritten regulations of the Street for employees to have dealings with the market."

"The little bank on Nassau street never offers any objection on such a ground," said Nick.

"Because it's practically a bucketshop, and a bucketshop will do anything."

"In this case you're not taking an order from an employee."

"Why not? You work for Tuckerman & Craig, and if either of those gentlemen learned I took this order from you I should hear from them."

"I am not working for Tuckerman & Craig now."
 "No? When did you quit? It must have been within a day or two."
 "Say an hour or two and you'll hit it nearer."
 "Indeed! What was the trouble?"
 "I had a run-in with Mr. Tuckerman."
 "Did he haul you over the coals for speculating?"
 "No. He never found that out. It was a different matter altogether."
 "So you're out of their employ?"
 "I am."
 "Going to look for another position, I suppose?"
 "No. I'm going to put in my time as a speculator."
 "You couldn't embark in a more risky business."
 "I don't know. I'd rather take chances on the market than work in a powder factory," grinned Nick.
 "Well, as long as you are your own master at present I'll take your order. You might do worse than get in on copper. Idaho is down below its normal price and ought to go up."
 "That's what I'm banking on. I expect to see it go to 35."
 "It might. It was up to that a week ago before the slump."
 Nick got his memorandum of the deal and left.
 Hartley went out and bought the stock just before three.
 Thus Nick began a new career that was to lead to fortune.

CHAPTER III.

NICK'S FIRST SUCCESS IN COPPER.

As it was early yet, too early to start for home, Nick decided to stroll down to the Battery.
 Looking in at Bowling Green Park, as he circled about it, he was surprised to see Harry Havens seated there.
 He went in and sat down beside him.
 "Hello, Havens! What are you doing here?" he said, slapping him on the shoulder.
 "That you, Brown?" said the young fellow, with a faint smile. "Bound on an errand this way?"
 "No. I'm just taking a stroll."
 "You get off early. It's only three o'clock."
 "I'm off for good," said Nick.
 "Off for good! What do you mean?"
 "I'm out of Tuckerman & Craig's."
 "Have you left them?"
 "Not exactly. Mr. Tuckerman bounced me about five minutes after you left the office."
 "Bounced you! How came he to do that?"
 "He heard what I said to you about the way you claimed to have been treated by the firm, and he called me down about it. As I wouldn't take it back he fired me."
 "I'm sorry," said Harry, with a look of sympathy. "This seems to be my unlucky day. I have not only been sold out on my deal, but I have caused your discharge. I ought not to have said a word to you about my misfortune and then this wouldn't have happened. I seem fated to make those I like miserable."
 "Nonsense! You haven't made me miserable. On the whole, I'm glad to cut loose from that job."
 "Are you?" said Havens, wonderingly.
 "Yes. I never was stuck on either Tuckerman or Craig, but I got along well enough with them. I am satisfied they treated you shabbily. They cut you out of a sure thing. Idaho Copper will go back to the figure you bought it at in a few days and perhaps higher. You made a mistake in buying it when it was up. It was sent up to catch people like you. When a person goes into stocks he should study the market carefully and buy only when prices are low, then he has a chance to win when they go up. If they don't go up he'll be out in commission and interest charges. If they go down still more he's liable to get stuck anyhow. It's a game of chance, no matter how you figure on it."
 "What are you going to do now?"
 "Make the money you've lost."
 "How do you mean?"
 "Well, you see, I had enough money to buy 300 shares of Idaho Copper, and I bought the stock. I picked up a tip to-day that points to a rise of ten points in stock, and I hope to clean up a profit of \$3,000."
 "You'll be fortunate if you make so much," said Havens, wistfully, thinking of his own lost opportunity.
 "If instead of buying Idaho Copper at 35 you had waited you'd be able to buy it at 25 to-day, and then you'd be in line to make a couple of thousand. Now you've lost that much. I suppose you're cleaned out?"
 "Yes. I lost \$1,000 of my own money and \$1,000 of my mother's."

"Your mother's!"
 "I was so sure of winning that I persuaded her to let me have the money to invest. It's gone and she can't afford to lose it. I haven't the heart to go home and tell her."
 "I guess she knows all about it."
 "No, she won't know till I tell her."
 "Your sister has told her, I guess."
 "My sister! How could she when she doesn't know about it herself?"
 "You didn't hear, then, that your sister was at the office to-day?"
 "What! How do you know that?"
 "When I went out on the last errand I executed for the firm I met a young lady coming in at the door. She looked so like you that I couldn't help speaking to her and asking her if she was related to you. She said she was your sister. She wanted to see one of the firm, and I suppose Mr. Tuckerman saw her. I don't know why she called, but I think it is likely it was to ask about your speculation, in which event Mr. Tuckerman doubtless told her you had been sold out."
 "My sister objected to my going into the market, but when she saw I was bent on it she made no further protest, but I'm afraid she got so anxious and nervous over it that she came down to make inquiries. I know it was a great shock to her to learn the truth, just as it must have been a shock to my mother. Oh, I have been a weak fool! Jessie and mother have looked up to me as the man of the house, and believed that whatever I did was right. Now they see that I am——"
 He choked up and Nick saw the tears in his eyes.
 "Cheer up, old fellow! Don't be downhearted," said Nick, laying his hand on his shoulder. "You have made a mistake—a costly blunder—but you did it for the best, and your mother and sister will understand that. I feel dead sorry for you, old chap, and if I can help you in any way let me know."
 "You are kind to say so. I appreciate it."
 "I'll tell you what I'll do. After this deal of mine pans out I'll lend you \$500 to make an attempt to recover what you've lost, but you must work under my advice. I have been lucky in stocks, so far, and maybe you'll be, too, if you follow my lead," said Nick.
 "It is generous of you to offer to help me, but it is not fair for me to take advantage of your offer. If I should lose your money——"
 "Don't worry about that, Havens. If I double my money in this Idaho deal I'll be worth between \$6,000 and \$7,000. I can then afford to extend a helping hand to you—give you a chance to at least recover the money you have lost through Tuckerman & Craig."
 "And you are willing to do this for one who is almost a stranger to you?"
 "We are not strangers now, old man. Let us consider ourselves comrades. I liked you at first sight, and that impression has grown upon me. Let us be real friends from this moment. There is my hand on it."
 "And there is mine. You are a splendid fellow, and I consider it a honor to know you."
 "Pooh! There's nothing extraordinary about me. By the way, you're out of a job at present, I take it?"
 "Yes. After I left school I went to work in the office of a wholesale house on Worth street. I was with the firm three years. A month ago the house failed, and the receiver reduced the working force to save money. I was one of those who had to go. Since then I have not been able to get another position."
 "Well, it's going on to four, so I'm going to start for home. I live in New Rochelle, and have to get up to 42d street to connect with a train. I ride on a commuter's monthly ticket. If you have nothing on the cards in the morning I'll meet you at the little bank on Nassau street. Do you know where it is?"
 "No."
 "Then let's walk up there and I'll show you."
 Harry Havens left the little park in better spirits than he entered it.
 He felt very grateful to Nick for his sympathy and kindly offer to help him out of his trouble.
 "Tell your folks when you go home that you think you see your way to get your lost money back," said Nick. "You can incidentally say that you met a new friend who is going to give you a lift. That will encourage them and lift the gloomy effects of your recent bad luck."
 "You must let me introduce you to my mother and sister. They will be glad to know you."
 "All right," said Nick, thinking of the sweet face of his new friend's sister. "Any time you say."

They walked up Broadway to Wall Street, and down that narrow thoroughfare one block to Nassau street.

Nick pointed out the little bank, which brokers generally regarded as a bucket-shop in disguise, and Havens promised to meet him there at ten o'clock on the following morning.

The two then went to the Brooklyn Bridge and mounted to the City Hall station of the Third avenue elevated railroad.

They took an uptown train together.

Nick said good-by at the 42d street station, and took the shuttle train to the Grand Central station and was soon on his way home.

When he got to his house he said nothing about having parted company with Tuckerman & Craig.

What his folks didn't know wouldn't trouble them, and Nick figured that as long as he was able to turn in his pay every Saturday, as usual, there was no special reason why his folks should know that things had changed with him in Wall Street.

He took his regular train next morning for the city and reached the financial district at about his usual time.

After strolling around for half an hour he went to the little bank where he found the large waiting-room filling up with customers and loungers.

The room was full of chairs facing a big, long blackboard on which the daily stock quotations of the principal stocks of the several exchanges were displayed as fast as they came over the wire.

Nick took a seat well forward on the center isle and waited. He laid his hat on the next chair to reserve it for his new friend.

As ten o'clock approached a small boy appeared at the corner of the platform where the blackboard stood.

He was the person who chalked up the figures.

The previous day's quotations were still on the board, but the youth cleaned them off with a damp sponge.

It wanted a minute of ten when Harry Havens appeared in the room and, locating Nick, came up to him.

"Good-morning, Havens! Take this seat," said Nick. "How did things go off when you got home?"

"Nothing was said to me till I opened the subject. My sister then told me she had called at Tuckerman & Craig's, and that Mr. Tuckerman had received her and explained that an unexpected slump in the market had wiped my account with the firm out, leaving me in debt to them for their commission. He said that under the circumstances he would let the commission go, but with the understanding I was not to call there any more. He said stock gambling was bad business for people with small capital. Had I been able to put up the additional margin called for I would have saved myself. He was very sorry I had been on the losing side. The firm preferred that their customers should win for it made more business for them. He hoped the lesson would keep me away from Wall Street, which, he said, was strewn with financial wreckage. My sister said that Mr. Tuckerman spoke like a man who was full of the milk of human kindness, and assured her that the firm was in no way responsible for the loss I had sustained," said Havens.

"Yes, Mr. Tuckerman can put on angel's wings sometimes," said Nick.

The young fellow remained in the little bank until half-past twelve, when Nick invited Havens to take lunch with him.

They walked around to the Curb and watched operations there for half an hour.

They returned to the little bank at two and stayed till the Exchange closed at three.

Idaho Copper closed at 25 1-2.

Next day was Saturday and the copper stock went up another half point during the morning session.

Havens didn't come downtown and Nick took the one o'clock train home.

During the following week Idaho Copper advanced to 32.

While Nick kept an eye on his stock Harry Havens was looking for a job.

On the succeeding Monday there was a general boom in copper and Idaho went to 36.

Nick thought the prospects looked so good that he held on, and next day the price went to 40.

The Curb was the scene of great excitement and Nick put in his time there.

Several times he was on the point of ordering his shares sold, but the general upward tendency deterred him.

On Wednesday the boom continued, and people went wild over the copper advance.

At one o'clock, when Nick got back to the Curb from lunch, Idaho had reached 45.

"That's good enough for me," said Nick to himself. "I don't believe it'll go much higher, anyhow."

He saw Broker Hartley in the crowd.

He rushed up to him and told him to sell his 300 shares.

The broker offered it right away and got rid of it in no time.

Nick figured that he had won a profit of about \$6,000, which was twice as much as he had expected to make.

His discharge from Tuckerman & Craig's was therefore of great advantage to him from a financial standpoint.

Altogether, he had no cause to regret the loss of his job.

CHAPTER IV.

NICK GOES THE LIMIT AGAIN AND WINS.

Believing that a slump was bound to come in copper, as all stocks looked topheavy, Nick arranged with Broker Hartley to sell 900 shares of Idaho Copper for his account, and hold what was coming to him as marginal security.

"You're getting to be a regular speculator, Brown," said Hartley. "Are you going to follow the game up?"

"Until I make a fortune or go busted," replied Nick.

"You evidently believe that there will be an immediate decline in copper?"

"It looks that way to me. Idaho never was so high before."

"I know, but the copper kings may intend to keep the price up. They can do it for they control the market."

"Maybe they do, but I've noticed that a great deal of Idaho has been sold in the last few days, and it is just possible that the insiders have been and still are unloading at high figures. Then they could force a slump and buy it back again at a much lower price, which would put a lot of money in their pockets. That's being done all the time in Wall Street by the big operators. They play the organ and the public dance to the music," said Nick.

"There's more truth than fiction in that," said Hartley, who then began offering Idaho Copper at 45 till he had sold 900 shares.

Nick was selling short—that is, disposing of what he didn't have.

It would be up to him to buy those 900 shares in order to deliver them to the persons who had bought of him.

If the stock continued to go up he would lose by the operation.

If, on the contrary, it went down he would make the difference.

It was simply a gamble with him, for he could not really tell which way the price would go.

Nick believed it would go down, and he had the courage to back his convictions to the limit.

Dame Fortune seems to admire the people with nerve.

At any rate, she stood in with Nick on this occasion.

The Curb had hardly opened for business next morning before there was a break in copper.

The break caused a slump and copper dropped ten points by two o'clock.

Then Nick ordered Hartley to buy in 900 shares at 35.

This was done and the shares were duly delivered and paid for, Nick clearing \$9,000 profit.

"You're all right, Brown," said Hartley, when Nick called for his money. "In less than three weeks you have made \$15,000 in copper. You must have been born fortunate."

"A fellow needs a good crop of luck to save his scalp down here," laughed the boy as he took his check.

"What are you going to do next?"

"Relieve you of my presence as I guess you're busy."

"I mean, what are you going to buy or sell next?"

"I haven't anything in view yet, but I may follow copper."

"It's a good thing to make money out of if you keep on the right side."

Nick nodded, got up and took his leave.

When he got home that day he found a letter for him from Havens.

He had secured a position in a wholesale house in Franklin street and he wrote to inform Nick of the fact, also to invite him to his house on the following Sunday afternoon.

Nick sent him word that he would call and congratulate him on securing a job.

Accordingly, on Sunday afternoon Nick came to New York and called at the flat where the Havens family lived.

Havens met him at the door and took him into the parlor, which was plainly but neatly furnished.

In a little while Jessie Havens came in and Nick was presented to her.

She was a lovely girl and Nick was more taken than ever with her.

Presently the little mother appeared and Nick was introduced to her.

She told the Wall Street boy how glad she was that her son had made his acquaintance, as he had few associates he could really call friends.

"Well, how have you been doing in the market?" said Harry. "I have followed the Curb quotations and I saw that Idaho Copper went up to 45. How much did you make out of the rise?"

"Six thousand dollars, and I made \$9,000 more out of the decline, so I'm \$15,000 ahead since I quit working for Tuckerman & Craig."

"You're awfully fortunate," said Havens.

He made no reference to his own hard luck, as the matter had been dropped.

Nick said that if luck continued to come his way he was going to rent an office for his headquarters.

He passed a pleasant afternoon and took tea with the Havens family.

He easily saw that the relationship between mother, son and daughter was closer than exists in most families.

He found that Jessie had been taking stenographic and type-writing lessons with the view of helping out the family resources.

"Do you think you could find a chance for my sister in Wall Street?" said Harry.

"I'll make inquiries, but brokers require an expert and experienced person," replied Nick.

"The head of the school she has been attending will recommend her as being fully competent to fill all requirements."

"Such a recommendation will be of great service to her."

"She will work for moderate wages at first if she could get a nice place."

"I'll do all I can to find her a first-class place," said Nick.

"I knew you would do as much for her as you would for me. You're a good fellow, and I consider myself fortunate in having you for a friend."

"The feeling is mutual, I assure you, Harry. Now that you have a position I suppose you can't take advantage of my offer to give you a chance in the market."

"Not very well, but I'm just as grateful to you."

"Say, the idea just occurred to me that if your sister went into business on her own hook as a public stenographer that she would ultimately do a great deal better than if she took an office position."

"She'd have to have an office and advertise herself, and I hardly think we can afford that expense."

"I'll provide a suitable office and help her to get work, and she can pay me by looking after the place while I'm out."

"That would be fine, but the advantage would all be on her side, and it wouldn't be a fair deal for you."

"Don't you worry. I'm ready to give her a start if she is willing to accept my offer. I'm well enough off to do that much for you people. Just talk it over with her and your mother and let me know. If your sister is in my office you will know that she is perfectly safe and will be treated like a lady."

Nick outlined the chances that a public stenographer had to make good money, and soon afterward took his leave of the family.

Next day, believing that his offer would be accepted by Miss Havens, he began looking about for an office in the big Wall Street buildings.

He found a medium-sized room on the eleventh floor of the Carter Building and rented it.

Then he went around and bought the necessary furniture, including a secondhand safe.

Before having a painter put his name on the door he waited to hear from Miss Havens.

He had written her brother that he had picked out a room and was having it furnished to suit himself.

He got a reply from Harry that his sister had decided to take up with his offer for which she was very grateful.

Nick wrote back saying that he would have her name put on his door in small letters, and would insert a standing advertisement in one of the papers stating that she was prepared to do all kinds of typewriting and take dictation at a reasonable price.

He rented a typewriter for her and had everything ready when she came down with her mother to see the office.

"I really can't thank you enough, Mr. Brown," said Jessie, after she and her mother had commented favorably on the

office. "It is so kind of you to offer me the chance of trying to build up a business for myself."

"Don't mention it, Miss Havens. I'm glad to be of service to you," said Nick.

That afternoon he got two customers for her on that floor, and with these as a beginning she started in next morning.

After the decline the copper situation remained quiet for a week, and then it began to look up again.

Nick decided that Montana Copper looked pretty good, so he bought 1,000 shares of it at 50.

In a few days it went to 55 and Nick sold out, adding \$5,000 to his capital.

He was returning to his office after making the sale when he met Mr. Tuckerman on the street.

The broker frowned and passed him by without recognition.

Nick took advantage of his absence from the office to make a call there and see his former friends in the place.

"How do you do, Mr. Jenkins?" he said through the window.

"Why, hello, Brown! Glad to see you! Where are you working?"

"I have an office in the Carter Building, Room 1145."

"You have an office? What do you mean by that?"

"I'm using it as my headquarters, when I can receive mail and be seen by my friends when I'm in."

"I suppose that is one of your jokes?"

"No, here's one of my cards."

"What kind of business are you carrying on there?"

"I'm a copper speculator."

"A copper speculator! That's pretty good."

"Yes, it's pretty good for a boy of my size."

"Where did you get your money to speculate in copper?"

"Oh, I made it out of the market while I was working here."

"I don't mind admitting that now since I'm out of the office."

"You'd better come inside and tell the clerks and see if they'll believe you."

"It won't worry me any if they don't believe me. I'm making more money in five minutes as my own boss than I got out of this office in a year."

Jenkins smiled, unbelievably, and Nick went inside to see the others.

All the clerks wanted to know what he was doing, and he gave them the same story he told to the cashier.

They received it with the same incredulity.

"So you chaps don't believe me?" he said.

"Well, hardly," grinned the margin clerk. "It's a little too strong."

"The proof of the pudding is in the eating, isn't it?" said Nick.

"So they say."

"There's my card. Come up and see me some time."

Nick walked out before they could pass any further remark.

At the door he met Mr. Tuckerman returning.

"What are you doing here?" demanded the broker, sourly.

"I called to see my old acquaintances. Got any objection?"

"Huh!" ejaculated the broker, passing on to his room.

Nick chuckled and went on to his own office.

CHAPTER V.

NICK BUYS THE MARATHON MINE FOR A SONG.

When Nick reached his office he found that Jessie Havens had secured a third customer—a man who had an office on the floor above, and whose business did not warrant his keeping a regular stenographer.

"You're doing fine!" said Nick. "How did he find out about you?"

"He saw the advertisement you put in the Wall Street Argus for me. Really, you are awfully good to me, Mr. Brown. I'll be able to get on very nicely now," she said.

"I'm glad to hear it."

"I wish you had some work for me to do. You are furnishing me with office room free of charge, and helping me so much, that I don't see how I am ever going to repay you."

"Don't let that worry you, Miss Havens. I may start up a business here yet. Just at present I am doing well enough in the speculating line. I've just made \$5,000 off of Montana Copper stock."

"I am delighted to hear you are making so much money. You certainly deserve all you make."

"Yes, I think I do, for I take a considerable risk to earn it. I ran the chance of losing \$10,000 on that deal, though as copper is strong just now I did not anticipate coming out at the short end."

He took up a Wall Street paper and spent the next hour reading it, together with a Western mining paper, while the girl worked away at her typewriter.

Then the door opened and Fred Merritt, Tuckerman & Craig's margin clerk, walked in.

"Hello, Brown! I see you really have an office," he said, looking curiously at Miss Havens, who was very busy.

"Sure! Take a seat," said Nick.

"You've got a stenographer, too. What kind of business are you doing, anyway? Your door doesn't state, neither does your card."

"I'm doing a big business in a quiet way."

"But what's the nature of the business? I don't see how you could drop into a money-making business in the short time you've been out of our place."

"Well, if you want to know, I'm at present an operator in copper."

"An operator in copper! Speculating, you mean?"

"Yes."

"But that takes money."

"It certainly does."

"Where in thunder did you get hold of it?"

"I'm not saying where I got my money. If you suddenly started up in business I wouldn't ask you where you got your capital. I would take it for granted that you had enough to operate with or you would not open up."

"It looks strange for a messenger boy to be able to hire an expensive office and set himself up as his own boss."

"Strange things are happening all the time."

"Are you speculating for yourself, or for other people?"

"For myself."

"But you must be doing something else to keep a stenographer busy."

"She isn't working for me."

"No?"

"Didn't you notice her name in small letters on the door as a public stenographer?"

"I didn't take notice of it. All that attracted my attention was your name, and then I walked in."

"Then look again when you walk out."

"How long have you been here? Ever since you left us?"

"No; only a few days."

"Do you expect to make things pan out?"

"I hope so. I made \$5,000 to-day. That's doing pretty well."

"Five thousand! Oh, come now, draw it mild!"

"You doubt my statement, do you?"

"Why, that's three times as much as I earn in a year."

"I can't help that. I'm in the game to make all I can. I've made \$20,000 since I cut loose from the office a month ago."

"Oh, come off! You'd have to have a capital of \$100,000 to make such money."

"How do you know but I have a million?"

"Talk sense, Brown."

"I'll quit talking at all, I guess, and leave you to form your own conclusions. You see I have an office, for my name is on the door. You see I have a desk, for I'm seated at it. You see I have a safe, for my name is on that, too. You see sundry other things and may assume that I bought and paid for them or they would hardly be here. All these things indicate that I'm doing something, and common sense will tell you that I'm not here for the fun of the thing, since it costs something for the privilege of occupying floor space in this building."

"That's right," nodded Merritt, "but that's no evidence that you've made all the money you say you have in such a short time. Why, that's at the rate of nearly a quarter of a million a year."

"It doesn't follow that I will make so much in the next month. In fact, I might lose the \$20,000 and more on top of it," said Nick.

"You say you are speculating in copper stocks?"

"That is what I'm interested in at present."

"Well, you must be a hummer if you have done as well as you claim," said Merritt, getting up and saying he must go to lunch and get back to the office.

When he returned to the office and made his report the other clerks told him that Nick had been fooling him.

"How could he make \$20,000 in a month?" said the second bookkeeper. "It is simply ridiculous."

"That's the way it struck me," replied Merritt, "but he stuck to it."

"He was stringing you. I don't believe he is making his salt."

"Whether he is or not he's got a nice office all fitted up."

"The young lady pays half of the rent. He's just throwing a bluff."

And such was the general opinion in the office.

Nick concluded as he had an office he might as well make as much use of it as he could, so he put a standing advertisement in several Wall Street papers to the effect that he bought and sold copper and other mining stocks on commission.

A few days later a woman called and asked for Mr. Brown.

"That's my name, ma'am," said Nick, who happened to be in at the time.

"Do you buy copper stock?" she asked.

"I buy it for customers on commission and I sell shares the same way."

"I've just come from the West. My name is Mrs. Jackson. I have come to New York to dispose of the controlling interest in the Marathon Copper Mine, of Idaho, which my husband has given to me. It comprises 50,100 shares."

Nick had recently read a long account about the Marathon Mine in a Western paper.

According to the story, the mine had proved a failure and was on the market.

The company had been organized as a close corporation, none of its 100,000 shares having been offered to the public.

It was in the hands of three men, whose names were printed, and Nick remembered that Jackson was one of them, and the principal owner.

"I'm afraid, Mrs. Jackson, that you won't be able to sell the stock, for the mine has been pronounced a failure, and consequently it will be difficult to find any one with money who would care to sink it in such a proposition."

"I will sell it cheap."

"If the mine is a failure I don't see what good the stock is at any price."

"The stock has a par value of \$10. I will sell it for fifty cents a share."

"I don't believe you could get ten cents a share for it. If you doubt my statement visit some big mining broker and ask his opinion."

Mrs. Jackson had visited a dozen of the best mining brokers in Wall Street and all of them had given her the same answer—that it wasn't worth a nickel.

"Wouldn't you try to sell it?"

"What's the use, ma'am, I am sure I could not interest anybody in it."

After some further talk Mrs. Jackson went away, leaving her address.

Two days afterward a man came in and asked for Nick.

The young speculator was out at the time and Miss Havens said she didn't know when he would be in.

The man said he'd call again and got nearly to the door when Nick came in.

"There's Mr. Brown now," said the stenographer.

"Do you want to see me, sir?" asked Nick.

"Yes. You buy and sell copper and other stock I believe?"

"I do, on a commission basis."

"My name is Lansing. I have a quarter interest, 24,950 shares, in an Idaho copper mine called the Marathon. I'd like to sell it for the best price I can get."

"There's no market in New York for such a mine as the Marathon," replied Nick.

"Why not?"

"Because it's a dead proposition."

"It isn't dead, it is only in the dumps for lack of money to work it."

"If you can prove that you ought to be able to find some capitalist out West to take an interest in it."

"That was my idea, but Jackson, who owns the controlling interest, has thrown up his hands and got out."

"His wife called on me yesterday to try and get me to sell his interest in the mine, but I told her I didn't think I could find a customer. Did she send you here?"

"I'll admit she did. She's just had a legal separation from her husband and he turned over to her his interest in the mine. It was about all he had to turn over."

"Mrs. Jackson said she got the stock from her husband. I'm afraid she never will realize a cent out of it."

"At that rate I don't stand much show myself."

"Very little."

"I put \$2,500 cash into the mine."

"Then your stock only cost you ten cents a share."

The visitor looked as if he was sorry he had mentioned his loss.

"So you don't think you could sell it?"

"No."

"Why don't you buy it yourself on a chance? You're young."

and some day it might turn out a winner. I'll let you have my shares for \$500, and you can buy Mrs. Jackson out for \$1,000. That will give you a three-quarter interest in the mine for \$1,500."

"But if the mine has no value, why should I sink \$1,500 in it?"

"It's worth that to take a gambler's chance."

"I don't know about that. Who is the man that owns the rest of the stock?"

"A fellow named Jack Smith, a practical miner. He's hanging around the property now, dead broke."

"Which is a sign that he can't sell his interest at any price."

"He doesn't want to sell it. He believes it is a good thing."

"Nobody else appears to believe it, though."

"Then you won't buy, eh?"

"If Mrs. Jackson will sell her stock for a cent a share and you will do the same, I'll take a chance on it."

"Is that the best you will do?"

"Yes."

"I will see her about it, and if she's willing to do it I'll bring her down here. It's like giving it away."

"Why don't you go around among the Curb brokers and see if you can get more than that?"

Lansing had been around and no broker would buy his stock at any figure.

He said nothing to that effect, but took his leave.

After he had gone away, Nick began to think he had been a fool to make an offer of even such a small sum as \$750 for a three-quarters interest in a dead copper mine.

It was certain he could not buy the tenth part of a mine that had any prospects at all for such a beggarly sum.

He put on his hat and went to Broker Hartley's office.

That gentleman was in and Nick told him about the visits he had had from the two people who owned most of the capital stock in the Marathon Copper Mine.

Hartley laughed.

"Why, they've been all over the Street trying to sell that stock," he said. "It isn't worth the price of the paper it's printed on."

"Which means that the mine is regarded as being absolutely worthless?"

"That's it exactly."

"I was offered the 75,000 shares for \$1,500."

"That's \$2 a certificate. Pretty high price for the paper."

"Isn't the ground, as land, worth half of that?"

"I doubt it. Land is only worth what it will bring at a sale. Land out in the wilds of Idaho, outside the farming belt, isn't worth much unless covered with timber, and you can gamble on it if the Marathon property was worth anything as real estate the owners of the alleged mine would sell it in preference to coming on here to try and sell worthless stock for next to nothing—unless they were plumb crazy."

Nick called on one of the biggest mining brokers in the Street and received substantially the same information.

On the following day Lansing and Mrs. Jackson appeared with a big bundle of Marathon certificates and said they were ready to take up with Nick's offer.

"I'm sorry I made the offer," said the Wall Street boy to them, "for I've consulted authorities on the subject and have been informed that the Marathon mine is generally looked upon as a worthless proposition. However, as I made the offer I'll stick to it and will pay you the money. I shall frame one of the certificates and hang it up in the office as an object lesson for me to be more careful in the future."

"I disagree with you, sir," said Mrs. Jackson. "I think you are getting a good thing for nothing. If I didn't need the money badly I wouldn't sell that stock at any such price. My husband put \$5,000 into the mine, and this stock I am selling you for \$500 represents that money. Some day that mine will pay."

"If it ever does, and I hold your shares, I'll make you a present of \$1,000 if I can find you. Have the shares been transferred to you?"

"Yes. The certificates have been made out in my name."

Nick produced the proper sale slips for his visitors to sign, which transferred their interest in the mine to him, and then paid them the money.

"I hope," said Lansing, "that you will do as well by me in case the mine ever pans out as you promised to do by Mrs. Jackson."

"I will. You shall have \$500 in that event."

"As you control the company and mine now you'd better write to Smith and tell him. Maybe you can buy him out, too, and own the whole shooting-match. Mrs. Jackson will give you a written order on the proprietor of the Bald Eagle House,

at Freezeout, the nearest town to the property, for the books and other property belonging to the company. You can send it out by Wells Fargo & Co. express and have them brought on."

And thus Nick became practical owner of the property that was to make him a young copper king.

CHAPTER VI.

THIEVES IN THE NIGHT.

Nick took Lansing's advice about sending to the proprietor of the Bald Eagle House at Freezeout, Idaho, for the books and other property belonging to the practically defunct Marathon Copper Mining Co., via the Wells Fargo & Co. express.

He also wrote to Smith, whose first name was Jack, informing him that he had purchased all the interest in the Marathon Copper Mining Co., except what he held.

He asked Mr. Smith to forward full particulars concerning the mine, and whether he thought it was worth developing further.

He put the Marathon certificates in his safe, where they made a goodly pile.

His purpose to frame one of them he decided to defer for a while.

Next morning he noticed that copper was looking up again on the Curb, so he called on Hartley and gave him an order to buy 2,000 shares of Hurricane Island Copper, a promising mine, at the market price of 20, on margin, thereby going the limit once more.

It seemed as if Hurricane Island had only been waiting for him to buy, for it commenced to go up at once.

It went to 25 that day, to 27 the next and 30 on the third day.

There it halted and Nick lost no time in selling out.

This short deal netted him \$20,000 profit, as much as he had made during the previous five weeks.

Copper appeared to be his lucky card, for every time he touched it he made money.

He therefore determined to stick to copper.

Ten days after he bought the Marathon stock he received all the movable property belonging to the Marathon company, charges C. O. D.

He also received a rudely written letter from Jack Smith.

Mr. Smith began by apologizing for pothooks, explaining that he was better able to sling a pick and a shovel than a pen.

He said he was the man who discovered that there was copper in the neighborhood of Freezeout, and had induced Ephraim Jackson and Sid Lansing to go in with him, form a company and develop the property.

They had put in \$7,500 and he put in nothing because he had nothing to put in.

The money had been spent in work, but the copper had failed to materialize to any alarming extent.

The enterprise, he admitted, had proved a failure, though when it started it had attracted so much attention that several other mines were begun in the immediate vicinity.

They all suffered the same fate as Marathon.

Nevertheless, it was his opinion that Marathon, as well as the country around, was more or less full of copper, and the fact would some day be fully demonstrated.

He was flat broke, but for all that no one could buy his 24,950 shares of the Marathon company from him—no, not if he was offered \$1 a share.

He was glad to hear that Mr. Nicholas Brown had bought out the Jackson and Lansing interests, for maybe Mr. Brown was sport enough to advance some money for the purpose of pushing the interrupted work further.

He was ready to take all the money that Mr. Brown sent to him and put it to the best use, and he would guarantee that sooner or later the money would return many times over to Mr. Brown, and that he himself would profit also in proportion to his holdings.

He gave all the information about the property and the neighborhood that he could crowd into the letter, and Nick, after reading it, felt that he had been much instructed.

As he was now worth something over \$40,000, all made out of copper, he thought he could afford to put some of it into the Marathon Mine, on the chance that developments might happen.

Accordingly, he wrote to Jack Smith, making him a proposition.

He was ready to pay Smith's expenses and a little over if he would tackle the job of pushing a further investigation of the mine.

If Smith needed help he would pay for the services of one man.

He would do better later if the prospects warranted a larger outlay.

That's the way Nick put it to Smith, and having mailed the letter he waited for the reply.

Decoration Day being at hand, Nick and Harry Havens arranged to take a trip down the New Jersey coast as far as Barnegat, going by rail on the afternoon of the day previous.

They reached the inn about dark and were lucky to find one room at their disposal, for there were many visitors from the city putting up there.

Nearly all of them were New York brokers who had gone down to fish for a day or two.

They formed quite a jolly company, and as they gathered around the fire that evening they welcomed the boys on the hail-fellow-well-met principle.

Nick didn't give out that he was connected with Wall Street as the brokers were strangers to him, though he believed he had seen several of them at the Exchange.

The boys were the first to retire to their room for the night, which they did about ten o'clock, and they turned in at once.

Harry fell asleep almost at once, but half an hour passed before Nick followed suit.

Along about one o'clock in the morning Nick was awakened by the flashing of a light across his face.

"Only a couple of boys," he heard a voice say. "They're hardly worth plucking."

"They're bound to have some money about them to pay their way, so we might as well help ourselves to it," said his companion, in a low tone.

Nick was going to spring up and enter a strenuous objection to being robbed, when he saw that one of the intruders had a revolver in his hand.

He concluded that it would be wise for him to keep quiet and pretend that he was still asleep.

One of the men went through his clothes and the garments of Havens, transferring their funds and Nick's watch to his pocket.

Again the lantern, a dark one, was flashed across the faces of the two boys, and the two rascals slipped over to the door and into the corridor outside.

Nick at once jumped out of bed, ran to the door and peeked out.

The men were operating on the door of the adjoining room with a skeleton key.

They soon got in and closed the door after them.

Nick decided that it was his duty to hunt up the landlord's room, awaken him and let him know what was going on.

He hustled on his clothes and taking his shoes in his hand he left the room and went downstairs.

As he expected, the house was closed up and the public room was deserted.

He had not the remotest idea where the landlord's room was, but believed it was in the wing at the back of the inn.

He opened a door and, striking a match, saw a staircase before him.

He mounted this and found himself in a different corridor to the one on which his own room was.

It was shut off from the rest of the house by a door.

The door nearest to him was locked and the boy was on the point of knocking in order to arouse the inmate, whoever he or she might be, when he noticed that the key stood in the lock.

From that fact he judged that no one was in the room, as a person could not very well lock themselves in and leave the key on the outside.

He was about to pass on to the next door when he thought he heard a noise inside.

That induced him to unlock the door and look in.

The room was dark, but his eyes being accustomed to the gloom he made out the form of a man in a chair.

He heard a gurgling sound and saw the figure shuffle his bare feet on the carpet.

Such a singular circumstance induced him to go forward and see what was the matter with the person.

To his surprise he found it was the landlord, bound tightly to the heavy chair and gagged with a towel.

This was, of course, the work of the robbers, and Nick hastened to free the proprietor of the inn.

He first tore off the handkerchief.

"How did you get in this fix?" Nick asked him, though he had a pretty good idea about it.

"Two rascals surprised me in bed, and when I drew my re-

volver on them they proved too quick for me. Before I could cock it they seized me and got the weapon away. Then they gagged me, pulled me out of bed and tied me to this chair. How happens it that you came to my relief? You sleep in the main part of the house. This is the back wing. Were you aroused by those men?"

"Yes; they were in my room and took all my money and valuables, as well as those belonging to my friend, who did not wake up. Seeing that one of the men had a revolver, I pretended to be asleep and let them have full swing. When they left our room and went in next door I dressed and started to hunt for your room to let you know what was going on. I hit the right room by accident. The door was locked and the key was outside. Thinking no one was in here, I was going on to the next room when I heard the noise you made, and that caused me to look in and then I saw you, though not very distinctly, in this chair."

"While Nick was making his explanation he was relieving the landlord of the light rope which held him a prisoner.

Relieved of the last strand, the landlord, whose name was Thompson, stood up.

"I'll get into my clothes," he said, "and then I'll see what can be done about catching those rascals. In the meanwhile, I wish you'd go to the end door on this side of the corridor and arouse my chief helper who sleeps there. Make as little noise as possible. Tell him to dress and come here. You can tell him there are thieves in the house."

Leaving Thompson to dress, Nick hurried to the room in question and knocked on the door.

He had to repeat the knocking several times before he awakened the man inside.

"Hello! Who's there?" asked a voice at last.

"Open the door," said Nick.

The man jumped out of bed and opened the door.

"Who are you?" he asked, not recognizing the boy in the dark.

"I'm one of the guests here. There are thieves in the inn and Mr. Thompson told me to get you up. Put on your clothes, quick, and come to his room."

"Thieves!" said the man, clearly surprised at the information.

"Yes. Get a hustle on," said Nick, leaving him and returning to the landlord's room, where he found Thompson nearly ready for action.

"Open yonder closet door and get my shotgun," said the boniface.

Nick did so.

"You'll find some loaded cartridges on the shelf," said Thompson. "Shove a couple into the gun. It opens sideways by pressing the finger-piece between the triggers. You'll find a club in there which you had better take yourself."

By the time they were ready to leave the room the hired man appeared.

"Bring your revolver, Jones?"

"Yes."

"Then we'll start for the front of the house where the thieves are. They've been here, for they've robbed me of my money and my revolver, and tied me to that chair. Only this lad came and released me I'd be there yet," said Thompson.

The party proceeded cautiously toward the front of the house.

Suddenly a racket arose, indicating that the thieves had aroused some guest who could not be silenced.

"Come on!" cried the landlord, opening the door between the two corridors.

Two men came rushing towards them from the front.

A collision and mix-up followed, everybody going down on the floor.

One barrel of Thompson's gun went off in the melee, but the hired man dropped his revolver.

It fell into Nick's lap and the boy seized it and fired after the fleeing thieves, who were vanishing down the stairs.

CHAPTER VII.

NICK'S NIGHT ADVENTURE.

Nick was the first to get on his feet and he rushed after the two crooks.

By the time he found his way into the kitchen, which was the road taken by the rascals, they had fled through the door into the yard, and Nick saw them disappearing over the back

fence into a field that lay between the house and a patch of wood.

Nick followed them, but could see nothing of the fellows in the darkness of the night.

He could see the dark patch of woods against the sky, and he judged that was where they were bound for.

He got over the fence and went in that direction, figuring that if they looked back they would hardly notice him in the gloom.

He reached the wood without seeing anything of them and stopped to consider whether he should return to the inn or look around a bit.

He decided to do the latter, and pushed forward.

He had proceeded several hundred feet straight ahead, and was beginning to think he was on the wrong tack, when he heard voices ahead.

"There they are now," he said to himself, pushing cautiously forward.

The voices receded before him and he followed with the revolver in his hand.

The woods extended for some distance and finally ended at a creek, connecting with the long and narrow inlet known as Barnegat Bay.

The men followed the creek in the direction of the inlet, and Nick followed them at a safe distance.

In this way they went on for perhaps half a mile, when an old abandoned fisherman's habitation, gone to decay, loomed up ahead.

The men entered this.

Nick glided up to the house and looked through the window, where he saw the dim gleam of a candle they had lighted.

The rascals were dumping the contents of their pockets out on the old rickety table.

They had wads of bills to burn, several watches and chains, diamond pins, cuff-buttons, charms and other articles of value they had stolen from the rooms of the brokers.

The purpose evidently was to divide the plunder between them evenly.

One of them counted out the bills in two piles, while the other arranged the watches and other articles of jewelry on his side of the table for inspection and selection.

Nick watched them for a while.

He judged that as soon as they had divided the plunder they would depart from the house, and he determined to follow them to see if he could find out where they intended to put up for the rest of the night, if anywhere.

"We'll have over \$400 apiece in money," said the chap who was counting out the bills.

"That's good. Those brokers are always well heeled. We've got five watches, three diamond pins, seven pair of cuff-buttons—one of them set with diamonds, two valuable charms, a gold pencil-case and several small articles. No use of dividing this stuff. I'll dump it into a bag after you've looked it over and we'll sell it in New York and divide what we get for it," said the other.

"All right," answered his companion. "There's your boodle, \$416. Stuff it in your pocket."

"This would be a good place to stay till morning, only it's rather close to the inn. They'll scour the whole neighborhood after us, and if they found us here it would be all up with us."

"Where shall we go? Keep on walking?"

"There's a boat down near the mouth of the creek. You saw her when we came along. We'll go aboard of her, sail up the bay to the edge of the marsh, drop anchor there and turn in. We'll be safe there. We can afterwards escape up the coast in her."

"That will be just the thing," said the other.

When Nick heard that arrangement made he decided to get to the boat first.

If there was any place aboard of her he could hide in he thought he might be able to capture the rascals after they cast anchor at the marsh and went to sleep.

With that object in view Nick left the hovel and continued on down the creek.

He didn't have to go far before he saw the boat the crook had referred to.

She was a large sailboat, with a trunk cabin, and was attached to the shore by her mooring-rope, which was tied to an old tree-stump.

A board led from the shore to her deck, forward of the cabin.

Nick boarded her.

The cabin door was secured by a padlock, but he judged

that the robbers would not let a little thing like that stand in the way of getting into the place.

Going forward, Nick found what he expected—a scuttle-cover, held by a hasp and staple.

It was an easy matter to open it, and Nick let himself down into a small hole fitted up as a kitchen, with a small stove set in a shallow box of sand, and various pots and pans hanging around—some against the cabin bulkhead and some around the stove.

He shut the cover partly down and kept watch for the coming of the men.

They appeared in about ten minutes.

One went on board, took the stops off the mainsail and then called to his companion to cast off and come and help him.

As the sloop floated away the board fell into the water and the two men hoisted the sail.

The craft also had a small jib, but they made no attempt to raise it, for they were only going about a mile, and it wasn't necessary.

The vessel slipped down the creek into the bay, and one of the men, taking the helm, turned her head in the direction of the big swamp.

The wind was light so that it required little seamanship to work the boat.

She glided along close inshore, like a phantom in the night.

The crooks sat in the cockpit and talked together.

Nick could only see about half of one of them, as the sail stood in the way.

"They don't dream that they are carrying a passenger dangerous to their interests," he chuckled, letting the scuttle down and seating himself on the floor of the kitchen to await the issue of the adventure.

The boat continued to glide along till it reached the edge of the swamp.

For greater safety the rascals worked the craft out of the bay into a reedy waterway, where, with the sail down, it would be hard for anybody who came that way to distinguish the mast from one of the tree-trunks that grew here and there in the marsh.

When they reached a spot that suited them, one of the crooks walked forward, let the sail down, and threw the little anchor overboard.

The depth of the water then was about four feet, and the anchor landed among the marsh grass.

Having effected their purpose the men broke open the cabin door and entered the little cabin, which was equipped with two berths, laid on top of lockers, one on either side.

Flashing a match, a reflector lamp was made out attached to the forward bulkhead.

This was lighted and threw a good illumination about the cabin.

There was a sliding panel in the bulkhead through which dishes were passed from the kitchen into the cabin, and the reverse.

Not being closed tight a streak of light came through into the place when Nick sat curled up.

It attracted his attention and getting up cautiously he peered through the crack.

The crooks were peeling off a part of their garments preparatory to turning in on the bunks.

One of them shut the cabin sliding-door about two-thirds, and then turned out the lamp.

Both got into their respective berths and, for a matter of ten minutes, talked across to each other.

Then they quit and shortly their breathing told Nick that they were asleep.

After waiting a while to give them time to get into a deep sleep, Nick took off his shoes, opened the scuttle and got on deck.

He slipped lightly aft and got down into the cockpit.

Softly closing the sliding-door entirely he looked at the fastening.

The stout hasp had been wrenched out entirely, splitting the wood that had held it.

It hung down, held by the padlock.

Nick's idea was to make prisoners of the men by cooping them up in the cabin, which would give him the chance to sail the boat to one of the landings on the bay, where he could get help to secure the rascals.

The question was how could he fasten the door so the men could not force it when they woke up to the situation?

After some reflection he saw if he could find a stout piece of wood of the right length to brace the door tightly shut he would solve the problem, but where was he to find it?

He returned to the kitchen, struck a match and looked around the place.

There was a piece of wood standing in one corner that would answer if it were shorter.

He wondered if he could cut it around with his knife enough to enable him to break it off.

It looked like a long job and might not succeed in the end.

Then his eyes alighted on a small saw hanging against the wall.

"That will do the trick in a few minutes," he said, reaching for the implement.

He carried the saw and the piece of wood on the bows.

He had to return to the cockpit to measure the exact length necessary.

Going back to the bows he laid the wood across the jib canvas and sawed away as softly as possible.

It took him about five minutes to do the work.

Having accomplished it he went to the cockpit and soon had the door braced so securely that a giant inside could not have budged the door.

Regaining the bows, he pulled up the anchor, which was not a heavy one, and by pulling on the reeds he gave the sloop a start down the waterway.

She went slowly, stern first, as the tide was slack, and there was no current in the marsh.

Nick helped her along with an occasional tug at the reeds and tall grass.

At length she floated into the bay and clear of the marsh.

As Nick had never been at Barnegat before, he had absolutely no knowledge of the bay, or where he would find a landing.

He could see the gleam of the light from the lantern of the lighthouse on the narrow stretch of ocean shore, which forms a breakwater between the bay and the broad Atlantic for its entire length, save where a narrow inlet cuts it in two parts.

He knew there were many places not far away where he could land and find people to help him, though it was probable such help would not be forthcoming till daylight.

He did not dare attempt to hoist the mainsail, for the noise of the rope running heavily through the blocks might arouse his prisoners and lead to complications.

Instead, he loosened the jib and ran that up.

It furnished but a small spread of sail, but enough with the breeze, which had freshened somewhat to give the sloop easy headway.

Keeping close into the shore he worked his way up the bay and in twenty minutes he made out one of the many landings.

He ran the boat in and made fast to the small wharf.

He judged that he was about a mile from the inn, which was in Barnegat village.

He had not the slightest idea of the time of night, or rather morning, but he believed that it must be around four.

He would have set out for the inn at once if he had known for certain that the road he saw led to it, or he stood a chance of meeting somebody to direct him aright.

Although there were many houses close by he could not make them out in the darkness, and the locality wearing a very lonesome look at that hour, he concluded to stay by the boat.

Descending into the kitchen he braced himself against the bulkhead to wait for daylight.

As he had slept only three hours that night, and the exertion he had been put to had tired him out, he soon began to nod, and inside of ten minutes was as fast asleep as the two crooks in the cabin.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE THIEVES SEE THEIR FINISH.

It was broad daylight when Nick awoke with a start.

A loud thumping was going on at the cabin door, proving conclusively that the crooks had discovered they were locked in.

Nick felt that no time was to be lost now, so he hustled out of the kitchen, fastened the scuttle as he had found it and looked around.

He saw two roughly dressed men not far away looking in the direction of the sloop, their attention having been attracted by the pounding which proceeded from her.

Nick jumped on the wharf and ran toward them.

"You belong around here, I suppose?" he said to the men.

They nodded, regarding him with some curiosity, for they recognized him as a stranger.

"I've got two thieves locked up in the cabin of that sloop," went on Nick.

"Two thieves!" ejaculated one of the men, both looking their surprise.

"Yes, they are making an effort to break out. You hear the racket they are putting up. They entered the Barnegat Inn last night late, after everybody had gone to bed and were asleep, and stole over a thousand dollars' worth of money and valuables from the guests, mostly New York brokers. They stole my watch and money with the rest, and I spent a couple of hours or more on their track, and finally succeeded in capturing them. Now, how far is it to the Barnegat Inn from here?"

"About a mile," said one of the men.

"Can I get a messenger to go there and notify Mr. Thompson, the proprietor, that the thieves have been caught?"

"My son will go if you'll give him a dime."

"I doubt if I've got a cent in my clothes. I'll tell the landlord in my note to pay him a quarter for taking the message."

"All right," said the man.

Nick took out his memorandum book and tearing out a leaf wrote the following:

"MR. THOMPSON:

"You missed me after the thieves got away. I followed the rascals; have got them cornered in the cabin of a sloop where they can't get away. Send several men with the bearer of this note to take charge of the rascals. Hand the bearer a quarter for his trouble in bringing you this note.

"NICK BROWN."

Nick folded the paper, addressed it to Mr. Thompson and handed it to the man.

"Rush this to the inn by your son," he said. "Tell him to make the best time he can and he'll get a quarter for it."

As the man moved off, Nick asked the other to go with him to the sloop to help keep the two crooks in subjection in case they succeeded in breaking open the cabin door.

They went to the boat and boarded her.

"Hello, in there! What are you making all that noise about?" asked Nick.

"Who are you?" returned one of the crooks.

"I'm a good-sized boy. You seem to be locked in."

"Let us out, will you?"

"I'd rather not, for I'm afraid you are desperate characters."

"Nonsense! We won't hurt you. How came you on board of the sloop. Did you see her in the marsh?"

"I was aboard of her when you took possession up the creek."

"You were? Whereabouts were you? We didn't see you anywhere about."

"In the hole forward under the scuttle. You sailed the boat into the marsh, anchored her there and went to sleep. While you slept I took the liberty of making prisoners of you both. You're not in the marsh now, but alongside a wharf."

This information carried consternation to the crooks.

After a hurried consultation they made another request to be let out.

"Not much. You'll stay in there till the police come after you," said Nick.

A chorus of imprecations was thrown at him and they commenced to batter on the door again, one of the rascals using the butt of Thompson's revolver.

The sliding-door happened to be made of strong wood which resisted all their efforts and so they made little impression on it.

"Keep it up if it amuses you!" cried Nick.

They stopped for awhile and then began again, but with no better success.

Time passed and by and by a light wagon came dashing down the road from Barnegat village.

Half a dozen men besides the driver were in it, and prominent among them was Landlord Thompson.

"Hello, Mr. Thompson!" said Nick, going forward to meet the vehicle when it stopped and the bunch got out.

"So you've got the rascals, have you, Brown?" said Thompson. "I don't see how you managed to capture them."

"Never mind that now. I'll tell you all about it later. The men, with all their plunder, are in the cabin of that sloop. As one of them is armed, and perhaps both, you'll have to be careful in securing them. I've got your hired man's gun, so I'll help you intimidate them," said Nick.

The Wall Street boy stepped on the roof of the cabin, revolver in hand, two of the men with revolvers got into the cockpit.

The piece of wood was removed and the door slid back.

"Come out, you chaps!" cried one of the men, flourishing his weapon.

The crooks refused to come out, and swore they'd shoot the first person that stepped inside to take them.

Seeing matters were at a deadlock, Nick got an idea and proceeded to carry it out.

He went forward, descended into the kitchen, pulled the panel back and covered the rascals with his revolver.

"You'd better give up," he said.

They turned around on hearing his voice and were staggered to see a pointed revolver.

The men in the cockpit took advantage of the chance to rush in and overpower them.

The prisoners were put into the wagon, and with Nick added to the party, the wagon dashed back toward Barnegat village.

The rig stopped at the inn to let Nick get out and then went on to the station-house, where the crooks were locked up on the charge of burglary.

The money and other articles of value stolen from the guests of the inn were found on their person, and the authorities took charge of the property.

In the meanwhile, Nick entered the inn and was immediately surrounded by the brokers, with his friend Harry in the background.

He told the story of his night's adventure which had resulted in the capture of the thieves, and his audience, to a man, declared that he was a fine, plucky chap.

They all knew now that he was connected with Wall Street, for Havens had told them so and that he was in business for himself in the Carter Building.

By the time Nick had finished his story breakfast was announced, and all hands went into the dining-room to partake of it.

By the time they were through with the meal Thompson returned and told them that the thieves had been locked up and would be brought before the magistrate that morning at eleven.

He said that all who had been robbed should appear in court to clinch the charge against the rascals.

"Say, Nick," said Harry, when they had a chance for a quiet talk together, "do you know I didn't learn anything about the robbery until I got up this morning. Finding you up and out of the room, I judged that you had arisen early and I started to look you up. Then I found out what had happened during the night, and learned from the landlord that you had not been seen since the thieves escaped."

"You missed an exciting time, then," said Nick.

"Yes, but not half so exciting as the time you had chasing the rascals. You had a great nerve to follow them, and the way you caught them was mighty clever."

The guests of the inn were all in the little court at eleven o'clock.

The prisoners were brought in and pleaded "Not guilty."

The landlord then told his story, Nick told him, and the broker who had given the crooks the first fight told his.

The other brokers detailed about the sum they had lost in money, and all the watches and jewelry were recognized by their owners.

The magistrate considered the case a clear one against the prisoners, and he remanded them to the county town to stand trial for their crime.

The police said they would have to retain the stolen articles to be used as evidence at the trial, but the money they handed over to the landlord to be returned to his guests.

On going back to the inn Thompson proceeded to get a statement from his guests as to the amount they had lost.

No one but the two boys could give the exact sum he had lost, so after Nick and Havens got what was coming to them the rest was divided as near as possible among the brokers.

Those gentlemen held a pow-wow at once and made up a purse of \$500 which one of them presented to Nick, with a neat speech, stating that he well deserved that small evidence of their appreciation.

Although \$500 cut very little ice with the young copper speculator, now that he was worth \$42,000 in cash, he accepted it in the spirit in which it was offered to him and thanked the donors.

Nick and Harry spent the day getting acquainted with the neighborhood, and after an early supper took leave of the other guests and started by train for Jersey City.

Nick reached the Grand Central depot in time to catch the theater train for New Rochelle, which left at half-past eleven, and an hour later he was home.

CHAPTER IX.

NICK STILL SUCCESSFUL IN COPPER.

On the following day Consolidated Copper began going up and Nick, thinking he saw a good chance to make another addition to his capital, called upon Hartley and ordered 2,000 shares bought at 24, on the usual margin.

Consolidated went up a point that day, and there was a great deal of business done in it.

It went up two points next day and the Curb brokers were overwhelmed with buying orders.

That gave the price a further boost of a point, and it looked as if there was a boom on.

Big holders began dumping large amounts of stock on the market, which caused a reaction.

Nick hung around the Curb watching matters with an eagle eye.

As soon as he saw that a lot of stock was being offered he rushed up to Hartley and told him to sell his stock.

His prompt action enabled him to get out at the right moment, for the stock began to decline at a steady rate.

The army of small buyers then took alarm and rushed in their selling orders.

The result was a slump.

The price dropped down to 20 inside of an hour, and nearly all the speculators lost more or less money.

Nick sat in his office complacently regarding the fact that he was now worth \$50,000, when the door opened and a bunch of brokers entered.

They were some of the gentlemen who had been down at Barnegat over Decoration Day, and who owed the recovery of their stolen property to the young copper speculator.

They were interested in the fact that their young friend had an office in Wall Street, as they knew he wasn't a broker, so they wanted to find out what he was doing to make a living.

"Hello, Brown!" said Fish, who led the procession. "We thought we'd give you a call. I hope we are not intruding."

"Not at all, Mr. Fish," said Nick. "Glad to see you, gentlemen. Make yourselves at home."

The bunch cast admiring glances at Jessie Havens, who was just finishing her work for the day.

"You've got a nice little office here, Brown," said Fish. "What's your line of business?"

"Oh, I'm an operator in copper."

"An operator in copper!" exclaimed Fish, in some surprise.

"I'm also interested in a copper mine."

"You don't say! What's the name of the mine?"

"It's not on the market as yet. It is practically only a prospect. If it pans out you will hear about it."

"Have you much interest in this prospective mine?"

"I own a three-quarter interest in it."

"Well, well, you may be a young copper king yet. Where is the property situated?"

"In Idaho."

"There is copper out there—several fields of it. If you're within the belt you may have a good thing. How came you to get hold of it?"

"The people who had control of it sunk all their funds trying to make it pay, and having reached their tether, and believing the ground never would pan out, they offered their holdings cheap. I bought them out as I would take a chance at a grab-bag, and I am going to develop the property. If I don't make a strike I'll lose my money; if I do then I'll be a winner. It's a sort of gamble, anyway."

"Why don't you form a company, advertise the stock for sale and get the public to take part of the risk off your hands?"

"Because I think I've got enough money to go it alone. I've made a good bunch of money on the copper market and can afford to operate a fad. Copper has made a number of men millionaires several times over. I'd like to be a copper magnate myself and stand in with the bunch. At any rate, there is always a steady demand for copper, and the demand is growing all the time. The man with a copper mine at his back is not likely to be bothered much over the high cost of living."

At that point Miss Havens finished up, put on her things, said good-afternoon to Nick and departed.

"That's a fine little girl you have," said Broker Warren.

"Yes. I am acquainted with her family, and I'm bound to say they are the nicest people I've ever met," replied Nick.

"I wish my stenographer were like her," said Warren. "The young lady who honors me with her services is almost too good-looking to work in an office. She has such a high opin-

ion of herself that one has to handle her with gloves. I put up with her frills because she is smart and does her work in fine style, but sometimes you'd think she owned the office."

"Now that my young lady has departed I'll ask you to have a cigar, gentlemen," and Nick pulled a box of prime smokes out of a drawer and passed it around.

All hands accepted a weed and the office was soon filled with smoke.

"Don't you smoke yourself?" asked Fish.

"No," replied Nick; "I'm only a boy yet and I don't think it does a boy any good to smoke, particularly cigarettes. The latter I consider a bad habit, for to properly enjoy such a small article as a cigarette I understand you have to inhale the smoke. Now, one's lungs were not made to take in anything but pure air. All tobacco smoke has a bluish tinge, due to the presence of nicotine. You draw that in and blow out a light-gray color. The nicotine remains either in your mouth or your lungs, or both. In the course of time your lungs get poisoned. The membrane of the throat is also injured. It is also bad for the eyes, oculists say. So you see that smoking is a bad thing all around."

"Yes, I suppose so," nodded Fish, "but people will smoke, just the same."

"And they will drink, too, in spite of the fact that it is another bad practice and sends thousands annually to their graves before their time, not to speak about wrecking their prospects in life."

"From which I conclude you do not drink, either?"

"I do not, and mean to avoid it. I had an uncle who was a very brilliant man. He was in politics and held many responsible positions, but he was cut off by over-indulgence in drink. Had he lived he stood a chance of being nominated for Governor of his State. He was a splendid speaker, and had hosts of friends. Drink wrecked him at the height of his career."

"You hear that, Duncan?" said Fish, looking at one of the brokers. "You'd better cut out your mint juleps or you may see your finish."

"Oh, there are others!" responded Duncan, carelessly.

Nick thought enough had been said on the subject, so he switched the conversation around to stocks, and he picked up considerable information about the market.

The brokers remained an hour in his office and then went away.

A week passed and Nick saw no chance to do anything worth while, so he lay on his oars and watched the course of the market.

About this time he received an answer from Jack Smith.

That party said he would take up with Nick's offer and carry on the development of the mine as cheaply as possible.

He said it was to his interest to do the right thing, for as matters stood his share in the property would stand him in nothing, but if an ore vein was discovered he stood to make money.

He said that he couldn't guarantee that results would come of his labor on the property, but he believed they would.

If he owned a controlling interest in the property and had \$10,000 cash, he would put every cent of it, if necessary, into an effort to develop the mine, since a lucky strike meant a fortune, and no man can hope to get hold of a good thing without taking more or less risk.

He thought if Nick took a trip out to Freezeout and saw the country and made his personal acquaintance that it would be an advantage to both.

Smith evidently supposed he was talking to a man, for he did not dream that a boy would go into a copper proposition of the kind, even if he had money.

He didn't know what Nick had paid for Mrs. Jackson's and Lansing's interest in the property, but supposed they had received a great deal more than what the young copper speculator had paid them.

Nick liked the tone of Smith's letter as a whole, and sent him \$100 by express, with the promise to continue the same until further notice.

A day or two afterward Fred Merritt, of Tuckerman & Craig, dropped in again to see if he was still at the same place, and found he was.

"Making any more big stakes?" grinned Merritt.

"Yes. I made \$20,000 at a clip a while ago," replied Nick.

"Say, you must be worth a quarter of a million by this time."

"Oh, no; I'm a long way from that figure yet. However, I expect to make a million or two out of a copper mine I am interested in."

"A copper mine!"

"I have a three-quarter interest in one out in Idaho."

"You certainly tell things well, old man. Six months ago you were a messenger in our office and now you own a copper mine and make \$20,000 at a clip. You are a cuckoo for fair."

"I am sorry if you think I'm telling you things that are not true, but I assure you that I have stated nothing but facts."

"Well, your facts sound ridiculous to me. From messenger to mine owner would be a good title for a newspaper story about you. It's a wonder the reporters haven't discovered you and written you up."

"Doubtless they will if the mine ever turns out a winner."

"Then you don't claim it's a winner already?"

"Certainly not. I couldn't get \$100 for it at this moment, though it's cost me about ten times that."

"What's the name of this mine, or has it got one?"

"Yes, it's got one, but I'm not saying what it is."

"It's a mine of great expectations, but no results—is that it?"

"Perhaps so. Had your lunch yet?"

"No. I'm going to it now," said Merritt, rising.

"Then lunch with me."

"Sure. I'm always ready to eat at anybody's expense."

Nick put on his hat and they went out together.

CHAPTER X.

NICK GOES WEST.

When Nick got back from his lunch he sat down to read a Western mining paper.

Presently the door opened and Mr. Craig walked in.

Nick was rather astonished to see him, but he jumped up and said, "How do you do, Mr. Craig? Glad to see you. Take a seat."

"Good-afternoon, Brown!" said the junior partner of Tuckerman & Craig. "I've heard you were in business for yourself, but I couldn't believe it, so I came here to see if the statement is really a fact."

"It's a fact, all right."

"It appears to be. What kind of business are you engaged in? You have no sign on your door except your name."

"I am speculating in copper, and I am also interested in a copper mine."

"How are you interested in a mine?"

"I bought a large interest in a copper mining property out in Idaho, which I am trying to develop into a real mine."

Nick talked like a capitalist and Craig did not know what to make of his statements.

It was only a short while since that the boy was the messenger for his firm, and now the boy talked like a man of large business interests.

"Upon my word, young man, I don't quite get you. I can understand that you might be speculating in a small way in copper, but you wouldn't need an office to carry on that business. I can't understand where you would get the money to pay the cost of developing a mining property. Have you come into a considerable legacy?"

"No. I've made all my money out of the recent rise and fall in copper. I had only a small capital when I left your office, but I went the limit with it and have been fortunate enough to win every time. I made \$20,000 alone on the ten-point rise in Hurricane Island Copper, and altogether I've done mighty well since I parted from the messenger business."

Craig fairly gasped at his statement.

"I don't see how you could have been so successful," he said.

"You would if I went into particulars, but there is no occasion for that."

"You appear to be a wonder."

"No, I'm not a wonder. I'm only unusually lucky. Like sundry other people who know how to take advantage of the chances that come their way."

"You astonish me, at any rate. Mr. Tuckerman won't believe me when I tell him."

"I suppose not, but that isn't worrying me."

"I suppose you're sore on him for discharging you?"

"Considering I was with your firm three years and always gave satisfaction, I think he didn't treat me first-rate."

"You criticized the methods of the firm toward a customer, and it was hardly your place to do that."

"I admit that, Mr. Craig, but my remark was only addressed to the customer himself, and would not have gone any further. It was drawn from me through sympathy with the young

fellow's hard luck. I would have apologized had Mr. Tuckerman not jumped on me the way he did."

"All right. We don't discuss the matter. I am glad to hear you are doing well enough to support an office of this kind. You couldn't do it unless you were making money. Good-by."

"Good-afternoon, Mr. Craig," said Nick, politely.

Next day Nick noticed that United Copper was advancing and he bought 3,000 shares outright, at \$12, which cost him \$36,000.

He got it, as usual, through Broker Hartley.

In the course of three days it went to 15 3-4, and as that was a good price for it, Nick sold out and added \$10,500 to his winnings.

Summer was now practically on and the stock market got slow.

Nick judged that there would be little doing for the next two months, so he thought he would take a trip out to Idaho and make the acquaintance of Jack Smith, and see what sort of property the Marathon was, anyway.

With that object in view he proceeded to astonish his father and mother with the intelligence that he had been out of the employ of Tuckerman & Craig for over seven months and in business on his own hook.

When he stated that he was worth \$60,000 and had a big interest in a copper property, his folks nearly fell off their chairs with amazement.

As a matter of fact, it took some strong talk on Nick's part to induce them to give the fact credence.

"How could you make \$60,000 in such a short time?" asked his father.

"Through speculation. For the past two years I've been taking chances in the market on the quiet. I had to do it on the quiet while I was working for Tuckerman & Craig, for employees are not supposed to speculate in stocks. I began with a venture of \$50, and when I had the run-in with the senior boss I had made \$3,500. As soon as I became my own boss luck came in big chunks. I began by making \$6,000 by a rise in Idaho Copper, and then I made \$9,000 more on the slump that followed. A quick deal in Montana Copper netted me \$5,000. Hurricane Island Copper turned me in \$20,000, and my last two deals, \$18,000. There you are."

"Where do you keep this money? In your office safe?"

"No; in my safe-deposit box. There's nothing in my safe but the stock certificates representing my three-quarter interest in the Marathon Copper Co., of Idaho. They cost me \$750."

"Do you mean to say that you bought a copper mine for that price?"

"I bought a three-quarter interest in the company which owns the property for that sum, but the mine is simply a prospect. It may pan out some time and it may never be worth its salt. I'm going to see what the thing amounts to."

He told his folks the particulars of his purchase of the stock, and it was his father's opinion that he had thrown his money away.

Nick didn't agree with him, though he had to admit that he had no very stable grounds on which to base a different conclusion.

A week later he started for the northwest, leaving his office in charge of Jessie Havens, who was doing very well now in her business.

In due time he got off the train at the nearest point to Freezeout, which was some distance to the north, and finished his journey by a stagecoach.

He found Freezeout a rough-looking village of scattered houses and learned from the driver of the stage that there was a productive copper mine within a mile of the place.

The coach stopped at the Bald Eagle House and Nick alighted from it.

The mail-bag was thrown off and then the vehicle went on its way.

The young copper speculator from New York asked the proprietor of the cheap-looking hotel if he could be accommodated with room and board for a few days.

"I allow you kin, pard. Are you from the East?"

"Yes."

"What part of the East?"

"New York City."

"Waal, you can't get no high-toned hotel accommodations here. I kin give you a small room with a bed in it and three square meals a day. The damage will be \$2 a day, payable every night if you hain't got no trunk, or \$10 a week in advance."

"I'll pay you for one week. If I stay longer I'll arrange with you for the balance," said Nick, handing him a \$10 bill.

"All right, stranger. You kin stay as long as you like if you've got the mazuma. It's money that makes the mare go. Put your name down in the book."

Nick put his name in the large, black book that did duty for a register, and then asked the proprietor if he knew a man named Jack Smith.

"I'll allow I do. He boards here."

"Where is he now?"

"I reckon he's over at the Marathon mine."

"Whereabouts is that property?"

"About two miles over yonder, near the river."

"It's a copper prospect, isn't it?"

"Yes; more prospect than copper, though Smith claims it will turn up a winner yet."

"What do you think about it?"

"Waal, there hain't been no copper found on that side of the valley yet."

"But there is a producing copper mine near here."

"Yes, but it's on this side of the valley. You kin see the works from the door, about a mile over yonder," and the landlord waved his arm.

"I suppose I can get somebody to show me over to the Marathon property?"

"My boy'll do it, but if it's Smith you want to see you kin just as well wait here. He'll be over to dinner in about an hour."

"I'll wait, then. I am not personally acquainted with him, so when he comes I want you to point him out to me."

"I'll do it. Are you thinking of—let me see, your name is—"

The landlord, whose name was Jake Weed, turned to look at the book, but the boy saved him the trouble by giving his name.

"Nick Brown," said Weed. "Why, you're the chap that bought out Mrs. Jackson and Sid Lansing, hain't you? You sent for the company's property and I sent it on to you."

"You've got it right. I own three-quarters of the Marathon property."

"Waal, I hope you didn't give no fancy price for the stock, for if you did I reckon you'll be kind of disappointed in what you bought."

"I bought the stock cheap on a chance. I don't believe anybody else in New York would have bought it but me. There is no market there for mines considered worthless."

"Jest so. Smith'll tell you that you made no mistake, but if it was offered to me I dunno as I'd buy it at any price," said Weed. "Now, if it was on this side of the valley there'd be some chance of finding copper."

"I don't see why there shouldn't be copper all over the valley as long as it has turned up in one part of it."

"Waal, people have hunted for it over there, but I hain't heard any has been found."

"Then why was the Marathon located on that side?"

"Because Smith, who's a practical prospector, claimed that the indications pointed to copper, and he induced Jackson and Lansing to put money up and form a company to take over his claims."

"I should think they would have accomplished something with an outlay of \$7,500."

"They didn't spend no such money on it."

"Lansing told me they did."

"Then he said more than his prayers. I don't believe they put in more'n \$1,500 altogether."

"Is that so? Mrs. Jackson wanted to get fifty cents a share for her stock at first, which would be \$25,000."

"Waal, if that doesn't beat the deck," laughed the landlord. "Twenty-five thousand for a half interest in a mine worth nothing. That's pretty good. Haw! haw!"

A couple of men came in for a drink at the bar and they looked curiously at Nick, wondering who he was.

While waiting on them, Weed told them the young stranger was the chap who had bought a large interest in the Marathon.

The men laughed, for the Marathon was a standing joke in the neighborhood.

The copper belt was not presumed to extend on that side of the valley, and the fact that nothing had turned up in the alleged mine so far appeared to clinch the impression.

The ground had been roughly prospected, but nobody save Jack Smith had confidence enough in the ground to make a resolute effort to find copper near the river.

Nick took a seat outside the door to await the coming of his business partner in the Marathon enterprise, and amused himself by viewing the rough country round about Freezeout.

CHAPTER XI.

THE NEWS THAT JACK SMITH HAD TO TELL.

When noontime came about twenty boarders came trooping to the Bald Eagle House to get their dinner.

They were all at the table when a bearded and tanned individual rode up from the direction of the river.

Nick guessed this was Smith.

As soon as he dismounted and tied his horse for the stable boy to take charge of the young New Yorker went up to him.

"Are you Jack Smith?" he asked.

"That's my name. Who might you be?"

"I am Nick Brown."

"You are who?" ejaculated Smith, staring at the copper speculator.

"Nick Brown. I am the party you've been corresponding with."

"Why, you're only a boy."

"That isn't my fault. I am the majority owner of the Marathon."

"Are you the party who sent me the \$100?"

"I am, and I've brought you another hundred. Having a little time at my disposal I came out to see the property and the neighborhood, as you suggested I should do."

"Well, I'm glad to know you, Brown. I thought you were a Wall Street broker, or something of that kind."

"I'm a copper operator and have an office in Wall Street, as my letter-head showed you. The fact that I'm a boy has nothing to do with business. I've got the money to push Marathon if there's anything in it, and that's all you care for, I guess."

Smith shook hands with him and told him it didn't make any difference whether he was a boy or not, as long as he was built of the right stuff.

"You've come just in time," he said. "Come in to dinner. After we get through I'll take you over to the property."

They went in to the dining-room together, and Nick was piped off by every one present, as strangers always are.

Besides, the report was being circulated around the room that he had bought out the Jackson and Lansing interests in the Marathon property and had come to Freezeout to view his purchase.

He was, in consequence, the butt of many jokes, for it was the general opinion that he had been well soaked, financially.

Smith greeted the men at his table and introduced Nick to several of them.

Two girl waiters officiated, and the young copper speculator found the meal plain but substantial.

As the landlord had told him, there were no frills put on at his house.

The guests were not obliged to wear their jackets, or shirt-collars if they didn't care to do so, which generally they didn't.

You could eat with your knife, or hold your fork any way you chose, without drawing any attention to yourself.

No liquor was served at the table.

If you wanted it you had to go to the bar, drink there and have the price charged up against your account for the week.

The bill-of-fare that day consisted of roast beef, baked potatoes, a couple of other vegetables, with pickles and beets for side-dishes, the whole topped off with rice pudding and coffee.

Those who finished first filed outside, lit their pipes or a cheap cigar and hung around the door for a short time, after which they started for their work.

Nick and Smith finished about the same time, and left the table together.

"Have a cigar?" asked Smith, as they entered the public room where the bar was.

"No, I don't smoke," replied Nick.

Smith bought a couple of cigars for himself and then asked Nick if he could ride horseback.

"Yes, pretty good."

Smith ordered a horse saddled for his companion and charged up to him.

When the two animals were led outside they mounted them and started by a path that led down to the river.

"I said you had just come in time," said Smith, after they had gone a couple of hundred yards on their way.

"I remember you did," answered Nick. "Have you made any discoveries yet?"

"I have. I've hit a ledge of ore that would set the whole place wild if I let the news out."

"You really have?" cried Nick, eagerly.

"I have. I've been following it for several days and I feel

certain it runs all the way through our property and right into the adjoining claims taken up here some months ago and then deserted. We must buy some more of the land running along the river, and we may end by becoming millionaires."

"I daresay it can be bought cheap."

"You can get all you want of it for a song, for nobody believes there is any copper over here. If I hadn't stuck it out that ledge would still be there, unknown. This opportunity we have for striking it rich is a chance in a lifetime. If you have money enough to open things up in shape we stand to earn money almost from the start. The river will carry the ore down to Phoenix, where there are several smelters, and it can then be shipped East over the railroad. One of us, which would be you, would have to attend to the Phoenix end until you hired a responsible man to look after the business, for I suppose you have business in New York that requires considerable of your attention."

"If the Marathon Mine is turning out a winner I shall give it all my attention, Mr. Smith, you may depend on that," said Nick.

They soon reached the Marathon property, the boundary lines of which Smith pointed out to Nick while they tied their horses to a tree.

"The ledge runs that way," and the copper prospector indicated the direction with a wave of his hand. "We must buy up a good bit of the land before we let out a hint of our discovery, because the moment the news gets around there'll be a rush to take up property on this side of the valley. It will be easy for you to get it cheap, as I said before. Nobody wants it, and you're just the person to buy it without arousing suspicion. The men around here think you've been taken in by Lansing and Mrs. Jackson, and that you've paid a good price for a worthless property. I'll give out that you are impressed by my idea that there is copper over here and you are going to buy some more property around the Marathon. That will bring the owners of the claims to you, and you can offer them about half of what they ask. They will take you up. When we have secured as much ground as we think is necessary then we can give the news of the discovery out whenever we think best."

Smith took Nick down into the mine and showed him the work that had been done with the help of the money put in by Jackson and Lansing.

Then he took him into the new tunnel which he had excavated himself for a short distance to the point where he struck the copper.

"This ore probably runs a good distance down into the mine. You see, I've uncovered it for fifteen feet. There is no telling how thick it is. It runs, as I told you, on a line with the river as far as I've investigated. I think it is likely to continue on for some distance, that's why we ought to buy up the ground at this end of our property, and it will also be well to buy a claim at the other end, too, perhaps a couple of them. Now is the time when we want to make sure of what we ought to do, for after the news gets out our chance will be gone."

"I agree with you," said Nick.

"How much money have you to start operations with? If you haven't much to spare we'll go slow at first, or we can re-organize the company, issue more stock and sell it, but that would be letting outsiders into a good thing which we ought to keep to ourselves, if possible."

"We'll keep it to ourselves. I've got \$60,000 I can put into the work, if that is needed. I am game to go the limit when I am satisfied there is big money at the other end," said Nick.

"Sixty thousand dollars!" exclaimed Smith. "Do you mean that?"

"I do."

"Then we can do things up brown and hold on to the mine ourselves. If there is as much copper in the ground over here as I believe there is, both our fortunes are made. Your three-quarter interest ought to land you a millionaire."

"I have no objections to that, Mr. Smith."

"Don't call me mister. I'm Jack Smith, and we are pards in this mine. In a few days you can open negotiations for the extra ground."

"I'll have to send to New York for the money I'll need to pay for it."

"Telegraph for it from Phoenix and have it sent by express. That will save time."

"I'll do that. After the land shall have been bought I'll have to get the machinery you'll need to begin with."

"We won't require a big outlay at first. Half a dozen steam drills and an engine to furnish the steam. The hoist we have will do. While we are waiting for the new drills we can use

He returned to Freezout and gave orders to build a big shed in which to store the product of his smelter.

At the same time he ordered several thousand bags.

So the work in the mine and smelter went on without interruption, but not a pound of ore found its way to market.

As week after week went by the stock of the smelted ore increased and Nick's private bank account decreased, for he was financing the company.

"I'll go the limit before I shut down the mine," he told Smith.

"You're a fighter, and just the kind of person to buck against the syndicate," said Smith. "We'll win out in the end."

While matters were in this state, Nick began a newspaper campaign against the copper trust.

This cost money, but he didn't care, for he already had a small fortune in copper awaiting shipment.

The syndicate, seeing that Nick was holding out strong, sent an agent to him with a much better offer for the property.

"We're not selling to anybody," was the boy's resolute answer. "I'll hold my copper on the ground for the next ten years if necessary, but I'll not sell."

Soon afterward he received word from the railroad company that he could have cars to ship his product, but the freight rate was higher than that quoted some time before.

Nick kicked and was told that the company had raised its rate on copper.

An investigation on his part showed that the mine owners on the other side of the valley were not kicking, though it cost them more to get their ore to Phoenix, both because it was smelted at that place, and they had to carry it two miles to the river while the Marathon Mine was on the river.

Nick came to the conclusion that the company was favored with a secret rebate denied to him.

He couldn't prove it, and so could do nothing.

He notified the railroad company that he wouldn't ship the ore at the rate it demanded.

So the Marathon's produce continued to increase until thousands of bags of copper were stored on the ground.

Many more weeks passed away and Nick's \$60,000 cash was dwindling down.

But he was as resolute as ever and determined to go the limit of his resources rather than give in.

The story of the case was published in one of the big magazines and a million people heard about the deadlock between the Marathon Mine and the copper barons.

The syndicate was denounced, but the members didn't care for that.

They had millions at their back where Nick only had a few thousands.

In the meantime, there came a demand for more copper than the syndicated mines were able to furnish, and this caused a raise in the price by which the combine gained greatly.

At this stage of the game Nick went before the Railroad Commission and charged the railroad company with favoritism.

An investigation followed, but there was so much red tape and delay about it that the young copper magnate gained nothing by the move.

"I'm afraid we'll either have to quit mining or pay the rate," Nick said to Smith one day.

"Well, the copper won't melt, nor the mine won't run away, so I vote to shut down rather than give in," said Smith.

"What you say goes with me," said Nick. "I've gone the limit almost. I have advanced nearly every dollar I own to the company. You'd better serve a notice on the men that work will shut down two weeks hence unless some change takes place."

No change took place and the mine and smelter closed down, for Nick had gone his limit and could make no more advances.

The news was received by the syndicate with satisfaction.

They expected Nick to surrender now, but they did not know, nor correctly estimate his powers of resistance.

Copper, not being of a perishable nature, did not lose any of its value because it was not shipped.

The company was losing its rightful income, that was all.

Being a close family sort of corporation, the shareholders could stand it as long as they chose to hold out.

The syndicate, discovering how matters were going, made a higher offer for the Marathon Mine, but without success.

Nick told the agent that the syndicate didn't have money enough to beat him.

"Why, you're beaten already to a standstill," said the gentleman.

"I admit it in the sense to which you refer, but I'm not

beaten so bad that I can be compelled to sell out. I intend to hold out indefinitely."

Next day Nick went to Washington and saw the President about the situation.

As the members of the syndicate had contributed campaign funds to help elect him, he expressed the regret that he could do nothing except refer the matter to the consideration of the attorney-general.

Nick knew he would get no help from that quarter, so he returned to New York.

He then called on representatives of the copper trade and told them he had thousands and thousands of pounds of smelted copper ready for the market, which he would sell for a certain price as it stood.

The copper people said they would be glad to buy it and pay the carriage charges, but it wouldn't do for them to get in bad with the copper syndicate.

The trust could cut off supplies itself and cause a famine in copper in their quarter.

"Well, don't you think this business is an outrage?" said Nick.

They thought it was, but that was one of the evils of trusts.

A big weekly, with a million circulation, printed a three-page article about the Marathon fight against the copper trust, and showed the syndicate up badly.

The public was interested and privately abused the trust, but that's all it amounted to.

Then Nick changed front suddenly.

He called for fifty freight cars, got them, and shipped 100,000 pounds of copper East, at the railroad terms.

He contracted with several steamship companies and sent the whole lot to Europe to parties with whom he had arranged beforehand.

The syndicate was taken by surprise, but the damage was done.

However, the big magnates gave the steamship men to understand they were to carry no more copper for Nick.

The young Wall Street boy didn't care.

Thirty odd thousand dollars was coming in and that meant more sinews of war to fight the trust.

A second 100,000 pounds of copper was shipped to New York and disposed of to the dealers on the quiet, at a price under the prevailing rate.

The mine and smelter resumed operations, and now Nick shipped copper at the high rate, and offered it under the syndicate's market price in the East.

It was quickly bought up.

When a fourth shipment was ready a shortage of cars developed once more.

Nick grinned.

He figured out that by shipping the copper down the river to its mouth, and so on to a certain town where he could connect with a rival railroad system, he could gain another temporary advantage.

In this way he got 200,000 pounds more copper East and sold it under price.

The trust started to block this move.

Then the Interstate Railroad Commission, after a long delay, decided that the railroad was giving preferential rates against the Marathon.

Nick at once entered a suit against the railroad for excess charges and fought it vigorously, gaining a verdict, which was held up by the company's appeal.

Three months later the higher court decided against the railroad, and they carried the case to the Supreme Court at Washington.

Nick's lawyers finally won a decision there and the railroad company had to pay up and carry the Marathon copper at the old rates.

The copper syndicate then gave up the fight, for they found they had the most determined opponent they had ever met against them.

After that it was plain sailing for the Marathon company, and the profits began to roll in.

On his twenty-third birthday Nick married Jessie Havens.

The New York papers printed his picture with that of his beautiful young bride, under the caption of "The Young Copper King Married," and with that ends the story of the boy who went the limit.

Next week's issue will contain "RALPH, THE REPORTER; OR, THE MYSTERY OF ASSIGNMENT NO. 10."

SEND POSTAL FOR OUR FREE CATALOGUE.

CURRENT NEWS

Walter Pomeroy, of the San Francisco Olympic Club, established a new swimming record across San Francisco Bay Sept. 30, covering the distance of about four and a half miles in 1 hour, 51 minutes and 13 seconds. The former record of 2 hours and 1 minute was made by Robert Beck on September 15.

William Courtney, an Adirondack guide, fired a gun at his camp near Lake Piseco, New York, the other morning as a signal to a party of New York deer hunters to return for breakfast. The gun exploded, tearing his left hand. He was taken to a hospital and will probably lose his hand. This is the first accident of the deer hunting season.

The New York State Canal Terminal Commission has adopted plans for an extensive system of docks, piers and warehouses along the State Barge Canal, the total cost of which will be about \$20,000,000. At New York it is proposed to have terminals connected with the projected elevated freight railroads along the Hudson River, Manhattan Island, which is advocated by the present Dock Commissioner.

Copies of the Bible will soon be placed in each cell at the Venice, Cal., police station. Chief of Police G. M. Lingo considers the plan a good one. "When a man or woman is arrested," said Chief Lingo, "and placed in a cell for the night, they are more easily susceptible to influences. When a person awakes in the morning to find himself in a cell he is, nine times out of ten, thoroughly disgusted with himself. If a Bible is within easy reach it is very probable that he will lose no time in reading it."

From the seat of an aeroplane James Bryce, British Ambassador to the United States, obtained a bird's eye view of the Massachusetts north shore recently. The diplomat is visiting friends at Manchester, and among those who called to pay their respects was W. Starling Burgess, who swooped down in his biplane. Mr. Bryce expressed a desire to make a flight. The aviator thereupon invited the Ambassador to accompany him on an aerial excursion and the invitation was accepted. Mr. Bryce was in the air twenty-five minutes. Upon landing he expressed his pleasure over his experience.

William Rose, nine, and Harry Savine, thirteen, both of Corona, L. I., played "William Tell" with a shotgun the other day, and Ross, who played the part of the son, is at his home, No. 65 Rapelye avenue, dangerously wounded. Harry says he did not know the gun was loaded. "S'pose we play William Tell with the gun," suggested one of the youngsters, after finding a vacant lot. Harry aimed at an imaginary apple on Willie's head. When he pulled the trigger his companion dropped. Over twenty pellets of small birdshot entered his body. The police are holding Harry to await the result of Willie's injuries.

Grown chickens and young pullets have been known to eat almost anything that crossed their path when hungry, but it was supposed that snakes were not included in their dainties, until a few days ago when a pullet of Clay City, Ind., topped off a hearty breakfast by swallowing a long garter snake while it was alive. The snake appeared in the chicken yard while the fowls were being fed. Several chickens pecked the snake and it started back to the bushes, when the pullet left its meal of corn and chased it. The reptile attempted to fight the pullet but the pullet soon put a stop to the fight by swallowing the snake.

A representative of a glove factory at Gloversville, N. Y., has found a practical use for prairie dogs. The hides from half a dozen were shipped to the factory, where they were made up. The result was a glove soft and pliable as kid, waterproof and never cracking or roughing up. The company has secured 100 dogs, which it has liberated in a nearby field, with a woven wire fence around, and it figures that it can raise enough dogs in time to supply skins for the factory. It is believed that the dogs can be raised to maturity for 5 cents. Four skins will be necessary for a pair of gloves, which will sell for \$1.50 at retail.

Germans are copying the English style of dress to an extent never known before, and the ultra-imperialistic newspapers fear that the patriotism of the fatherland is being undermined. It is King George who has caused the heartburnings among the ultrapatriotic in Germany. Everywhere in the shops one finds goods described as worn or used by "Der Englische Konig, George V." And at any rate for the moment the sole arbiter of clothes and fashionable accessories is the British monarch. The newspapers contain advertisements of "English smokings," which is German for English dinner jackets. After all, Germany is only following the example of France, only the young French bloods go still further and get their clothes over from London itself.

Four masked men held up and robbed north-bound Kansas City Southern passenger train 4, three miles northeast of Poteau, Okla., recently. After opening two safes in the express car with nitroglycerine they escaped. The train was brought to a halt near Poteau by application of the air brakes. Simultaneously two of the robbers made their appearance in the express and baggage car, forced the express messenger, baggageman and conductor behind a pile of trunks and applied the explosive to the safes, while the third bandit stood guard outside the car. When entrance was forced to the safes the men gathered the valuables in a sack, and, after intimidating the clerks in the mail car, added all the registered mail in sight to their loot. They escaped to the mountains. The passengers were not molested. The robbers are said to have got but \$45 and some registered letters.

BOB BAXTER

THE YOUNG STAMP COLLECTOR

OR,

A THOUSAND DOLLARS FROM ONE

By GASTON GARNE

(A SERIAL STORY)

CHAPTER VII. (Continued)

Now with nine boys out of ten this would have been the finish of the whole business, but Bob Baxter was not that sort of boy.

He was raging mad now.

The red-bearded man had not only got the best of him, but he had got the album, and Bob had no notion of letting poor Mattie Jing's inheritance go without a struggle. Thus when he saw the hack rolling away he never even thought of giving up the chase.

"The miserable wretch! He's got to give that book up!" he muttered, and he ran along Twentieth street after the hack at the top of his speed.

Fortunately for Bob he had put his hat on before he left the house, and as he was blest with an excellent pair of legs, he found himself in good shape for the task.

The hack continued along Twentieth street as far as Broadway, and there turning, moved on up-town.

It was a big contract which Bob Baxter had undertaken.

Not one boy in a thousand could have done it.

Of course it was quite impossible to overtake the hack, but thanks to the fact that the horses were not only indifferent but jaded, Bob had managed so far to keep it in sight.

Crossing Twenty-third street the vehicle rolled into Fifth avenue and presently turned into Twenty-eighth street, stopping about midway in the block between Fourth avenue and Fifth.

Just about this time Bob had begun to fear that he had lost it; but no, when he came panting round the corner he saw Mr. Jenkins ascending the steps of a large brown stone house, still carrying the album under his arm.

By the time he reached the house the hack was gone, and Jenkins ditto. He had vanished behind the door.

Here again was a chance for Bob to give up the chase, but he did not avail himself of it.

Pausing for a moment to recover his breath, he ran boldly up the steps and was about to ring the bell, when all at once, it occurred to him that this might not be the wisest thing to do after all.

How could he tell who lived there?

The brown stone front might conceal thieves quite as bad as Mr. Jenkins.

"If I could only manage to slip in somehow without being seen, I might get hold of the book and cut away with it," thought Bob.

And wild as such an idea would have appeared to an older person, it suggested itself very favorably to our hero just then.

He stole down the steps, and crossing the street, took a good look at the premises.

There was a light burning in the front window of the second story, and behind a dimly drawn curtain Bob could see two shadows moving. That one was the shadow of the stamp thief he felt sure.

It was getting quite late now—almost eleven o'clock, in fact—but notwithstanding this a grocer's boy with a basket over his shoulder came hurrying by.

"Say, who lives in that house over there?" asked Bob, pointing.

"Mr. Walling," replied the boy, stopping to stare at Bob.

"Walling!" exclaimed Bob, for the recollection of the generous (!) dry goods merchant, of course, occurred to him at once.

But equally, of course, it could not be the same person, for the man who had bestowed the dollar upon him lived at the St. Nicholas Hotel.

"What kind of a fellow is he?" asked Bob of the grocer's boy.

"Old crank. Never spoke to him myself, but that's what folks say."

"What's the matter with him?"

"Regular miser," replied the boy; "never spends nothing, he lives all alone with his son and the old woman cook. Mean as mud. Why, he trades with me, and his bill hain't more'n five dollars a week, which ain't nothing at all for a big house like that."

Perceiving that he had got all out of the grocer's boy that there was to get, Bob now turned away.

He was tremendously perplexed to know what to do, yet something seemed urging him on to try and secretly enter the house.

"If I could only once get my hands on the album, I'd defy the lot of 'em," he muttered. "I know I'm good for Jenkins any day, and if there's only an old man there, too, what is there to be a-scared of? Most likely the son is off somewheres. If I speak to a cop he'll only laugh at me and like as not take me in into the bargain—no; if there's anything to be done, I've got to do it myself."

He had previously observed next door to Mr. Walling's house a new dwelling in course of construction.

Thinking that he might discover something by getting a

rear view of the house, Bob entered the new building, crept cautiously over the beams and gained the yard behind.

Here a discovery was made which seemed to dovetail perfectly with his bold idea.

The fence between Mr. Walling's yard and that of the new building was down, and Bob found himself, almost before he knew it, standing in front of the back basement door. He tried the knob and to his surprise, found the door unlocked.

Bob's heart now began to beat wildly.

Suppose he was caught? Would he not be sure to be arrested for burglary?

"Don't care. I'm going to risk it anyhow," he muttered. "Only let me once see the album and it'll take more than those two fellers to keep it out of my hands."

There was no light visible in the kitchen, but there was one burning behind the back parlor blinds.

Feeling very much like a thief, but never thinking of fear, Bob Baxter turned the knob softly, and entering into the basement hall, crept along toward the stairs, leaving the door open behind him in case it became necessary to beat a hasty retreat.

CHAPTER VIII.

BOB OVERHEARS A PLOT.

It is no pleasant position to go creeping through the halls of a strange house in the dark, expecting at every moment to have some one fly at your throat.

Bob Baxter, however, had but little time allowed him to worry over the situation, for he had scarcely gained the top of the basement stairs, when he heard voices talking behind the partly-closed door of the back parlor, and to his amazement he heard some one exclaim:

"Well, here you go! Here's to the health of Mattie Jing!"

Then followed the clinking of glasses and a moment of silence, after which the talking began again.

"It's a bargain, then," said one voice.

"Sure," replied another, thickly. "Mat's a good girl, and now the old man's dead I'd like ter see her well married. Orter, yer know. She ain't got nobody else to look after her, and it's my duty—always do my duty, that is always when it pays."

"Ha, ha, ha! Pretty good that!" cried the other voice, sneeringly. "Always when it pays. I like that. It's a bargain. You're to fix it so that Mattie will enter the carriage—that's all I ask. Once I have her there I'll look after the rest."

"But I'm going to the steamer. I must see you married, of course. Remember she's my sister."

"Of course, of course. That'll be all right. Here's the money; count it, you'll find a hundred dollars all straight. Now you'd better skip. The old man's company may go any time, and then he'll take to prowling round the house, as he always does and be sure to lock the back door. After that you won't be able to get out without raising a blessed old row."

Bob hearing the speakers begin to move about behind the door, came to the conclusion that it was a good time to make himself scarce.

Stealing away from the parlor door, he now crept up the main staircase, the sound of his footsteps being drowned in the soft carpet, and gained the landing above just in time to lean over the banister and see Mr. Bill Jing come out of the back parlor, followed by a young man of decidedly rakish appearance, which he immediately concluded must be the son alluded to by the grocer's boy.

Here was a great surprise.

It seemed to Bob almost Providential that he should happen to be there to overhear this vile plot.

His blood was fairly boiling.

He longed to dash downstairs and pitch right into Mr. Bill Jing then and there.

"The miserable wretch!" thought Bob. "Selling his own sister! It's horrible! With his own father lying dead in the house, too! But I'll balk his little game!"

"Ha, ha, ha! Good—very good!" laughed a voice behind him. "Five thousand dollars! My dear sir, you must either be joking, or take me for an ass! Why, that collection is worth twenty thousand of anybody's money, but if you'll pay cash down this moment you shall have it for ten."

Now you'd better believe that Bob turned round in a hurry.

He really expected to see Mr. Jenkins standing right behind him, for he had recognized the voice of the speaker.

But no; greatly to his relief he found that between Mr. Jenkins and himself was a door standing slightly ajar.

Bob glided past the door, and took his station near another, which seemed to conceal a closet.

"Ten thousand dollars! Nonsense!" he heard a harsh, disagreeable voice reply. "Redmond, you must be crazy. Do you think any one is going to give ten thousand for that? Why, of course, it's stolen, either by yourself or old Jing's scrapegrace son."

Stolen! Mr. Walling, this is an insult, sir!" cried the voice of Redmond—we propose to drop the "Jenkins," now that we know the red-bearded man's true name. "Stolen! Bless me, how can you think of such a thing? Do you suppose I'd dare to bring a stolen stamp collection to you, sir! Never! I——"

"Oh, yes, you would, Redmond," sneered the voice of Mr. Walling. "I'm the very man you would bring it to, and you know it. You knew that I would recognize the album at a glance. You knew, also, that I would buy, stolen or not stolen, at a price. That's the reason you came here as you did, and you shall not be disappointed, only you must not set your price too high."

"Ten thousand is my price, Mr. Walling, and it's dog cheap."

"I'll give you five."

"Nine, then. I'll make it nine. That will suit, I'm sure."

"I said five, and I shall stick to it."

"Come, Mr. Walling, don't be so hard. You've been all over the album. You know what it contains. There are the rare Hawaiians, the Mauritius and the Reunion Isles; the one penny black, a whole lot of rare revenues, to say nothing of the U. S. Locals. Why it's the best collection of those in existence. There's a Brattleboro, a New Haven, and a complete set of the St. Louis Locals."

(To be Continued)

FACTS WORTH READING

BULGARIANS HERE CALLED.

A cable message calling upon Bulgarians and Macedonians in this country to return home, was received the other day by Lucas Kableskaff, acting secretary of the Macedonian-Bulgarian Organization at 5 Morris street, New York. The message was from the president of the Central Committee at Sofia, and read as follows:

"Send all Bulgarians and Macedonians to Bulgaria."

It was said that there were only about 2,000 Bulgarians and Macedonians in New York, by far the larger number having settled in East St. Louis, South Chicago, Pittsburgh and other industrial centres, where there are colonies inhabited almost exclusively by people of their own nationality. Many of these are in the first or second reserve, having served their time in the army. Telegrams were sent yesterday to the organizations in the cities mentioned, and word was cabled to Sofia asking for further particulars.

A meeting of the organization will probably be called this afternoon or to-morrow afternoon, when the matter will be before the members. Lucas Kableskaff, the acting secretary, is an ex-lieutenant in the Bulgarian army.

OUTRAGES IN NICARAGUA.

Outrages and depredations are still being perpetrated by rebels in Nicaragua, especially in the vicinity of Chinandega and Jinotepe, but the Department of State predicts that the present trade trouble will be at an end within two weeks.

While it is believed that the rebellion proper has collapsed, it is the opinion of officials of the State Department that there is danger from lawless bands and individuals who are operating under the guise of revolutionists. It is significantly announced by the State Department that until the defeat of General Zeledon, the titular revolutionary leader at Barranca, communication with Jinotepe will be uncertain.

Messages to the State Department showed that a number of Americans have been victims of the rebels. One of the victims is Henry Caldera, former United States vice-consul, who has been imprisoned at Jinotepe. Fear is felt for the safety of himself and family.

Another complaint has come from Henry Jacoby, an American, who reports that his home at Mashasa has been sacked and his family threatened, and that property near Jinotepe belonging to him has been raided. He reports that his family is suffering from the want of food.

FOURTEEN-INCH APPENDIX.

The entire medical profession is watching with great interest the case of Charles Titley, a laborer, who had eleven inches of a fourteen-inch appendix removed at the Sydenham Hospital, New York, a week ago. According to the surgeons at the hospital, the patient is progressing rapidly, and will recover.

The other night Titley, suffering great pain, walked into the office of Dr. Luis P. Bernstein, at No. 74 Long-

wood avenue, the Bronx, who had him removed at once to the hospital, where, assisted by Drs. Sonnenschein and Amster of the house staff, he performed the operation.

After the first incision they realized that it was an unusual case. The average appendix is about three inches in length. In trying to get at the end of this one, they made cut after cut. Finally, after tracing it for fourteen inches, they came to the end. It had grown upward into the region of the kidneys. It was decided that because of its unusual length it might prove fatal to the patient to remove it entirely, so only eleven inches of it was taken out.

Up to the discovery of this one, nine inches was the record.

CANAL TO BE IMPREGNABLE.

Army engineers are satisfied that the Panama Canal will be made impregnable notwithstanding adverse European comment on the sufficiency of the defence under construction.

The fortifications on the Pacific side were planned by the ablest minds in the army and navy. The joint board, composed of a half dozen of the ranking officers of both services, first made a careful study of the military and naval problems involved nearly five years ago. The tentative plans then laid were placed in the hands of experts, including General Crozier, chief of army ordnance; Colonel Goethals, the canal builder, and an army engineer; Major-General Arthur Murray, then chief of the coast artillery, and several able subordinate officers. It is believed at the War Department that their work embodies all that human foresight can produce at this stage.

Theodore Roosevelt, President Taft, and the Secretary of War and Secretary of the Navy in office since the canal project was undertaken, are all on record as declaring that the waterway would double the efficiency of the American navy by enabling it to pass freely from one side of the continent to the other in time of war. It is true that a small minority of naval officers felt that the waterway might also be a menace if it should fall into the hands of an enemy, but the great weight of naval opinion remains unchanged.

There is no fear that the Panama defences could be attacked successfully from any of the islands outside of the present zone. A distinctively American device, the disappearing coast defence mortars, unknown in practice to European critics, will be so placed as to rain a fire of 12-inch shells on the decks of any fleet that seeks shelter behind the outlying islands.

Even if that were not sufficient, the United States already has power, under the treaty with Panama, to take possession of and fortify Taboga and Taboguilla islands, if they shall become a menace to the existing fortifications. Article 2 of the treaty, in exact terms, confers upon the United States the control "of any other lands and water outside of the zone . . . which may be necessary and convenient for the . . . protection of said canal."

IN THE KLONDIKE

OR,

A BRAVE FIGHT FOR GOLD AND FAME

By ALEXANDER ARMSTRONG

(A SERIAL STORY)

CHAPTER XIV. (Continued.)

"I agree with you, Uncle James," the quiet, smooth-voiced Basil answered. "And I am ready to give my time to Allie whenever he wishes to begin. I have no other object save his health and happiness in view."

"I will begin to-day," Alain said, briskly, the hope of regaining his strength and health making him strong for the moment. And with a heart lighter than it had been for many a day, he moved about, wrapping himself up well from the sharp air. There was no one to warn him that he was going to a terrible fate, no one to tell him that his life lay in the hands of an enemy, so with a smile wreathing his lips, and hope shining forth from his eyes, he dressed in warm furs, while the Judas stood silently waiting for him.

CHAPTER XV.

AN "UNDERSTANDING" BETWEEN ALAIN AND HILDRED.

Alain returned from the first walk so much improved in strength and spirits that his friends were amazed. His eyes sparkled like a pair of twin azure stars, while the pale cheeks glowed with color. His appetite was good, and he ate a hearty dinner, saying that at the end of the week he was going to work in the mine. Judge Darrell was delighted, but Basil turned away his head to hide the evil light in his glittering black eyes.

The one who was silent and apparently sad that night was the fair Hildred. She had been very gay when Alain was weak and ill, but when she saw him regaining his health, she realized that it would be a much more difficult task than she had imagined, to keep him at her side. She had always taken pains to give people to understand that while she was not actually engaged to her wealthy cousin, an "understanding" to that effect existed between them. It had been the dream of her life, as well as of her mother's life, to see the young couple wed when they should have reached the proper age, and the young lady was determined to have that dream realized.

"What has come over your bright spirits, fair cousin?" Alain asked her that same evening when he found her alone by the window, gazing out into the chill darkness of the autumn night. "You are so silent, so sad, and only a few hours ago you were as bright as, well, as bright as the nuggets from our mine," he added, laughing at the comparison. "Come, dear Hildred, slipping his arm about

her waist. "Tell me what troubles you? You used to tell me everything, but of late you seem to avoid me."

"I did not know whether you cared to know or not," she replied in rather a sulky voice. "Since your mine has turned out so well, you seem to have no thought for anything else."

"Why, my dear child, the new mine's good luck means just as much for you as it does for me," he exclaimed, looking at her in surprise. "Hildred, can you not see that my fortune is yours also? Good luck for me means good luck for you, and should I lose my fortune you would suffer, too. Heaven knows I have but little need for money alone in the world. I can earn my shelter and food when I am well, and that is all any fellow gets or expects in this world. With you and the other friends it is different, and for your sake and theirs I am glad that I am well off. Now, remember this, cousin—what is mine is yours. Never give the matter another thought, but go on and do as you like. To be sure you cannot have much of a time here, no matter how much money we have, but wait until we are back in dear old New York. Then will be the time to show what you can do. Never let me find you jealous of the mine again, little girl, or something may happen. Jealousy is not becoming to your pretty face. Leave that for the less fortunate damsels who have not been blessed by nature."

Bending low his dark, graceful head, he kissed her lightly upon the brow as one would kiss a dear sister, and she noticed the coolness, the lack of lover-like warmth, for her face flushed hotly, her eyes snapped. Lost in his own thoughts, he did not see the sudden change in her manner, and when he turned back to his chair and book she still remained by the window.

"He says his fortune is mine also," she murmured under breath. "And surely nothing could be plainer than that. Oh, how thankful I am that she is out of my way, for if she were here I would have no chance whatever. No, no, my dear cousin, as fond as I am of you, I would not trust you out of sight were she here to come between us. Once I am your wife won't I change the name of that wretched mine. Oh, it was an insult to me to name it after her. I will show you, sir, that your cousin, Hildred Darrell, was a much milder person than your wife, Mrs. Alain Claire."

All unconscious of her thoughts, Alain sat reading beside the table, the rose-shaded lamp casting a faint glow of color over his pale face. His mind was ever wandering to lost Vallera, and the big, hot tears gushed to his

eyes as he thought of her lying dead at the bottom of the river, or being tossed hither and thither by the cold waves. Many a night he had wept like a child as he lay upon his pillow, but he was too proud to let any one see him with tears in his eyes. He might live to be an old, old man, yet he could never forget Vallera, the beautiful girl to whom he had given his first true love.

Once Hildred turned to look at him, and saw the tears upon his cheek. The sight angered her, and she bit her under lip fiercely.

"Thinking of her, of course," she muttered. "Oh, will he never forget that wretched girl? If I were lying at the bottom of the river, would he shed tears over me? I doubt it. But wait a little while, and see what happens then."

Suddenly Alain threw down the book he was reading and said, with a sigh:

"I cannot get interested in the best book in the world. There was a time when I could read from morning until night, but now I find it a bore. There is something wrong."

A silence followed his words, and he sat staring dreamily into the fire, the ticking of the clock being the only sound to break the intense stillness. Basil entered the room and sat opposite Alain, who regarded him with grave, questioning eyes.

"Do you know, there seems to be a shadow hovering over me all the time, Basil," he remarked, thoughtfully. "I seem to be under a cloud—a deep weight—waiting all the time for something to happen. I do not know what it is, but the sensation is not agreeable. Last night I had such a horrible dream. I was falling, falling, falling through space—never seeming to reach the bottom or touch the ground, but down, down, down through midnight darkness so thick, so vast, so awful, that the mere memory of it makes me sick. I wonder if there is any warning in a dream?"

While he was talking, Basil's face had grown ghastly, and his hand trembled so that he could not hold the paper he had picked up, and was forced to lay it down upon the table again. He tried to smile, but the effort was a failure, and the expression of his face, with dry lips drawn back from white teeth, resembled nothing quite so much as a hyena grinning. His handsome face was repulsive.

"Why, Basil, what is the matter?" Alain asked in surprise. "Are you ill? Are you in pain?"

"I—I had a sudden sharp pain in my side, the first one I have had in a long time," Basil stammered, his voice harsh and dry. "Ah, how it takes the life out of a fellow, don't it? I think I'll take a nip of your wine, Allie, it will brace me up maybe."

His hand trembled as he poured out the wine and drank it, and when he turned to face Alain again he looked more like himself, though the big drops still stood out upon his brow like beads.

"It must have been a pretty strong pain to make you look so white," Alain remarked, looking at him thoughtfully. "You look as if you had been sick for a month, Basil. You had better do something for that pain, for it is poor policy to neglect such things, they often prove serious. I say now, old man, don't go and get sick just at the very time when we are about to climb that moun-

tain with the queer-looking summit. I am determined to see what is at the very top of it, but if you get sick, then good-by to all our plans."

"No; I shall not get sick," Basil answered, in a hoarse, husky voice. "It is only a mere trifle, a pain caused no doubt by indigestion. To-morrow I shall have forgotten all about it, but you, Allie! Are you well enough to attempt such a climb? Remember it is a big risk for a well person and you are not entirely well yet. Somehow or other I almost wish you would give it up and wait a few days longer."

"I feel splendid," Alain said brightly. "I never felt better in my life, and that is the truth. Only that gloom that seems to hang over me. Perhaps if I climb to the peak I shall be satisfied, and the shadow will then vanish. I must do something to forget."

Nothing more was said about Alain's dream, and the next morning the boys set out upon their trip to the peak that towered up small and square, the summit being even and level. Alain had long wished to know what grew there on the bare rock, for he was sure it was nothing but bare rock. The road, or rather, pathway that led to it, wound around the mountain, gradually rising higher and higher until within a short distance of the summit, where it ended. How they were to accomplish the last part of the journey was by cutting the spaces in the rocky wall for their feet. It was a somewhat difficult and dangerous feat, and the trail itself was a narrow path of slippery rock, just wide enough in some places for two to walk side by side, in others there being room for but one person, and that one must use the utmost caution, else a single misstep would hurl him thousands of feet down to a horrible death below.

"Now, we are in about the worst place, I should judge, Basil," Alain called out cheerfully, "and we must be careful. I'll go on ahead, and if I grow dizzy you can catch me. Careful, old man, for neither of us are any too anxious to leave the Klondike for another world, and——"

The sentence was never finished, for a pair of strong arms seized his shoulders, he was pushed forward, while a voice hissed in his ear:

"You will leave for another world, you fool, and I am the one to send you there! Die, blame you, die!"

CHAPTER XVI.

BASIL'S RETURN HOME WITH THE STORY OF THE TERRIBLE ACCIDENT.

There was a moment of wildest terror, a sharp, sudden pang of fear, both struggling for mastery over the dull, numb sense of agony, and then Alain felt himself being forced backward over the edge of the steep cliff. Then, and only then, at that awful instant when certain death stared him in the face, did his dazed brain realize the fate that had overtaken him—the Judas treachery of his kinsman. The handsome, boyish face—handsome even in its distorted anguish—was for one brief instant raised to the dark, rage-convulsed one of the boy with whom he had grown to young manhood—whom he had loved as a brother—in whose veins flowed the same blood. The wide open blue eyes met the sullen, bloodshot black ones, and a low, choked cry burst from the parted lips.

(To be Continued)

FROM ALL POINTS

The Lake submarine, built for the United States Navy, has recently undergone successful trials, in which she exceeded every contract requirement. Her surface speed was 14.7 knots, and submerged, just under 11 knots. She was run over the mile course at a predetermined depth from which she did not vary two feet. This vessel holds the record for deep submergence, having reached a depth of 266 feet with her crew aboard.

All records for milk and butter tests have been shattered by Creamelle Vale, a blue-blooded Holstein, seven years old, of the Deutschland farm of F. F. Field and Earl Upton at Brockton, Mass., after nearly eleven months' effort. The cow has given 26,930 pounds of milk, the equivalent to 13,000 quarts, with a monetary value of approximately \$1,300 since November 15, 1911. An average gives, according to the Department of Agriculture statistics, about 3,000 pounds of milk a year. Creamelle Vale in one month has given 3,200 pounds.

The Russian destroyer Norick, according to Engineering, is stated to have exceeded 36 knots on her official trials last month. The vessel, which is 336 feet long by 31 feet 6 inches beam, is of 1,280 tons displacement, and was built at St. Petersburg, the machinery consisting of A. E. G. turbines and oil-fired boilers, being supplied by the Vulcan Company of Stettin. The designed speed was 35 knots with 36,000 shaft horse power, but both have been considerably exceeded. This vessel, should the report be correct, is the swiftest destroyer afloat, exceeding the speed of the British destroyer Swift.

For offenses against the gaming laws, Prince Ludovic Pignatelli of Aragon has been expelled from France, and left Paris Sept. 28 for Havre, where he will embark for New York. The expulsion decree was issued in August, 1911, but was only served very recently. The Prince attempted suicide a few months ago in Paris, owing, it was reported, to disappointment in a love affair with an American girl. Prince Ludovic Pignatelli d'Aragon was conspicuous last season at the Horse Show and other social events, and was several times reported engaged to society girls in New York and Washington.

The one battleship authorized by Congress will be considerably larger even than our latest ships. Her displacement will probably work out at between 30,000 and 31,000 tons. Dispatches from Washington state that the length of the ship over all will be considerably over 600 feet, the beam about 98 feet. She is to carry twelve 14-inch guns or two more than the Oklahoma and Nevada. The armor of the Pennsylvania, as she will be named, will probably be not less than 16 inches on the belt, turrets and barbettes. Her side armor will be placed in deep, horizontal strips, and the base of her single smokestack will be heavily armored.

The Chinese are the greatest consumers of old newspapers in the world. The official returns of the Custom House at Newchwang state that that port alone in 1911 received 1918 tons of old European newspapers, valued at \$72,500. The fact is the middle class Chinese prefer newspapers to the native variety as a covering for their walls. It has a greater power of resistance and affords a more effective barrier to the invasions of the vermin that plague Chinese houses. Moreover, the natives are experts at cutting out of the newspapers waistcoats which they wear next to the skin. These paper waistcoats are said to be the best possible protection against a sudden cold snap.

During the past few weeks at the Government rifle range at Dogtown Common, Mass., Miss Helen Taft and Miss Elizabeth Hammond and a party of friends have been handling the regulation Springfield rifles such as used by soldiers to tell the effect on the targets at the 200 and 500 yard ranges. The other day the party motored to the range, and it being the last day of shooting, the party spent considerable time in sending the steel covered bullets at the small targets. Miss Taft on the first few shots missed, and when a gun was handed her by which one of the officers of the ship had qualified, Miss Taft ran up a score of 49 out of 50, the first shot being a four and the next nine shots striking the bullseye.

J. L. Sappington of Centralia, Mo., will be protected from the cold this winter by a coonskin overcoat made from hides of coons which he caught with his famous coon dog Buck. The coat which Sappington was wearing was made from the skins of thirty of the 132 of the ring-tailed species which he and his canine have captured in the last three years. Sappington sent the skins to a furrier with instructions to use only the best part of the hides. The consequence is his coat is the best and finest that can be made and differs from the coonskin garments of this kind usually seen. Three years ago Sappington bagged fifty-two coons. Two years ago he captured forty-eight, last year but sixteen and so far this year he has captured sixteen.

Conscience stricken after twenty-five years, some one returned the other day to Robert E. L. Howe, Deputy Tax Commissioner, New York, a pair of gold opera glasses inlaid with pearl and valued at \$200. The glasses were left on a ferry boat of the South Ferry line one night when Mr. Howe and his fiancée were on their way from Brooklyn to a theatre in Manhattan. He advertised for them and offered a reward, without avail. The glasses were delivered to his wife at their summer home in White Plains. The package had been mailed at a Brooklyn sub-station. Mr. Howe said the glasses were his last gift to his fiancée before their marriage. He says he is willing to make good his offer of a reward if the person who sent back the glasses will communicate with him.

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ITEMS OF CURRENT NEWS

Lightning makes trees explode like overcharged boilers. The flame of the lightning does not burn them up, nor does the electric flash split them like an ax. It flashes through into all the damp interstices of the trunk, and into the hollows under its bark. All the moisture at once is turned into steam, which, by its immediate explosion, rips open the tree.

Venice is not the only city built on islands. Amsterdam and Ghent are both built on small islands, Amsterdam coming the nearest to Venice in the number of islands and bridges. Venice is built on 118 small islands, connected by 378 bridges; Amsterdam on nearly 100 islands, connected by almost 300 bridges; Ghent stands on 26 islands, joined by 270 bridges.

Paul Dildine, of Orangeville, Pa., makes good use of his automobile in his business, using the machine for turning ice cream freezers as well as for delivering the cream. Mr. Dildine jacks the rear wheels and fastens the handle of the freezer to the spoke of one of the wheels, and then, throwing on the clutch of the engine, he regulates the speed as he would when driving over the road.

Perambulating barbers flourish in Paris. They carry a little box containing the usual outfit of the tonsorial artist, and laboring men are their chief patrons. They take their customers usually to the banks of the Seine, or some other place aside from the multitude, seat them on the ground, cover their knees with a newspaper, and for a sou—about a cent—will shave a man, cut his hair, and impart a generally smart appearance.

The Panama Canal will effect a vast reduction in the distance between New York and the American Pacific ports north and west of Panama. It is estimated that there will be from New York to all American Pacific ports north of Panama a uniform reduction of 8,415 miles, and to such ports south of Panama a uniform reduction of about 5,000 miles. Between New York and Yokohama the reduction will be 3,729 miles, and that Japanese city will be brought nearer to New York than Liverpool by 1,805

miles. Shanghai will be 1,629 miles nearer New York. Sydney, Australia, will be 3,800 miles nearer New York, and the distance between the two cities will be 2,382 miles less than the distance between Sydney and Liverpool. Wellington, New Zealand, will be 2,542 miles nearer New York, and the distance between them will be 2,759 miles less than between Wellington and Liverpool. Between New Zealand and Europe there will be an average saving of 1,600 miles. British ships which now pass through the Suez Canal on their way to China and Japan, and thence to Vancouver, Seattle, and San Francisco, will return to their home ports by way of the Panama Canal when return cargoes can be obtained in those cities. Ships from Japan, China, Australia, New Zealand, and from Pacific ports of South America, will sail to New York via the new waterway.

JOKES AND JESTS.

He—I would like to look at a flat, my dear. She—Why don't you? There's the looking-glass in front of you.

"Do you find any trouble writing stories, Dawdly?"
"None whatever. But I'd pay a man well that could sell them for me."

"Papa, what is the difference between the quick and the dead?" "The quick, my child, are those who hop out of the road in time."

Freddie—Say, dad, what's morbid curiosity? Cobwigger—That's what the fellow has who butts in ahead of you and keeps you from anything.

New York Uncle—Come over here, Tommy, and I'll show you my new knife. It has six blades and a corkscrew. Kentucky boy—What are the blades for?

Mr. Gotham (looking over the market reports)—The paper says there was quite a flurry in beef yesterday. Mrs. Gotham—Gracious me! Did some more steers break loose?

Modest Suitor—I am going to marry your sister, Willie, but I know I am not good enough for her. Candid Little Brother—That's what sis says, but ma's been telling her she can't do any better.

A little Scotch boy's grandmother was packing his lunch for him to take to school one morning. Looking up into the old lady's face, the boy asked: "Grandmother, does yer specs magnify?" "A little, my child," she answered. "Aweel, then," said the boy, "I wud just like it if ye wad tak' them off when ye're packin' my loonch."

The cook, who had held sway long enough to be established as family autocrat, was sent out to buy the Christmas turkey. She returned with two fine, plump chickens. "Why, Mary," her mistress remonstrated, "I told you to get a turkey, not chickens." "I know, mum," she answered, "but I don't like turkey."

CATCHING A LION AND A TIGER.

By Horace Appleton.

Last year at this time I estimated that the menageries and zoological gardens of France, England, Germany and America contained upward of 500 animals and serpents which I had helped to capture.

For seven years I was employed by a dealer on menagerie stock at Amsterdam to look for and seek to capture any living thing in the curiosity line for which there was a demand, and I doubt if you can find a zoological garden in the world which does not contain some specimen of my handiwork. Sometimes I was with a party of fifteen or twenty people, employees and natives, and again there were only two or three of us in company. It depended, of course, on what sort of game we were after.

The largest lion ever seen in captivity was trapped near the village of Wadi Halfa, on the White Nile, Egypt. Of all the sportsmen and natives who saw him, none had ever beheld such a magnificent specimen.

A band of five of us had made our headquarters at this village for a fortnight, looking after this very beast, who was known to the people along the Nile for a hundred miles, and whose depredations had broken up many herds-men. He had been ravaging the country for over two years, and some wonderful stories were told of his cunning, strength and ferocity.

Several hunting parties had been organized to pursue and kill the monster, but in each instance the lion killed two or three of the hunters and escaped without a scratch. The only time he had ever been wounded was by a spear in the hands of a woman.

The big lion had leaped the stockade of a herdsman and seized a calf, and as he was preparing to spring out again the woman ran at him and gave him a wound just above the eyes. This left a scar which added greatly to the beast's ferocious aspect, and also served to identify him.

In the six months previous to our arrival at Wadi Halfa, the big beast had killed and eaten fifty natives, and hardly a night passed that he did not slaughter a horse, an ox, or a sheep. He had driven all the other lions away, and had the field to himself, and so great was the terror he had inspired that travel over certain roads and paths to the west of the village had been entirely suspended, even in the day time.

Five miles west of the village was a broken, wooded district, fifteen miles long by several miles broad, and in this range the lion was safe. He was heard of as far down as Sioot, one hundred and fifty miles north, and as far up as Old Dongola, one hundred miles south, but the greater portion of his time was spent near Wadi Halfa.

Had we desired the death of the lion, we should have gone out with our guns and popped at him, but he was no good to us unless we captured him alive and without serious injury.

We spent two days looking the ground over, and then decided to try the simplest plan first.

We selected a path which he had used so often to come down to a pool of water in the hills that he had beaten it hard, and here we tied a sheep.

The old lion took the bait the first night. On the next

night we left another, but the lion passed it by, went down to the plain and killed an ox, and on his way back to his den, about daylight, stopped and killed the sheep and passed on. He did likewise on the third night, seeming to have lost his taste for mutton, but stopping to kill for the pleasure of it.

We furnished a fourth and fifth, and each was killed in rotation. It was easy to imagine the scene. The sheep was tied to a small tree beside the path, about twenty feet from the pool, and the lion must pass him to get to the water. He issued from his lair at sunset, as we knew by his roaring, and with head high in air, and stately tread, took his way down the path. The poor sheep heard and scented him, and after a vain struggle to get away, became terror-stricken, and could only use its eyes.

The lion came slowly down the path, growling, and lashing his tail, and, when fifteen feet away, halted, and uttered a roar which shook the hills. The sheep was frozen with fear. A man, tied and helpless, would have fainted away.

The lion enjoyed the terror of his puny victim. A sheep was but small potatoes to a beast that could kill an 800-pound ox with one blow of his mighty paw, but yet it was an occasion not to be neglected.

With slow step, and with those great yellow eyes seeming to burn into the head of the victim, the lion came on, and by and by stood over the sheep.

The poor thing shivered and sank down, and for two or three minutes the lion sniffed and snuffed, and playfully touched it with his paw. Then he passed on, and the sheep was left to struggle and shiver, and die a dozen deaths before the big beast returned to finish him.

We dug our pit early in the forenoon, when we knew the lion must be asleep, and about fifteen feet above the point where the sheep had been tied.

The excavation was four feet wide by eight feet long and fourteen deep, and so carefully covered that the sharpest-eyed native could not have told that the ground had been disturbed.

In addition to the sheep, we sprinkled some fresh ox blood on the path, and below the victim we put several pieces of fresh meat.

Just before night three of us took our stand in a tree about a quarter of a mile from the pit, and to windward of the lion, and the sun had not yet entirely disappeared when we heard the beast mutter.

Pretty soon his mutterings changed to a roar, and then we knew that he had started down the path. We could hear the sheep bleat in terror, and our own hearts beat faster as we wondered if our trap would be a success.

For a few moments all was still as death, and then we knew by the smothered roars that he had fallen into the pit. His astonishment passed away in a few minutes, and then his rage was something awful.

While we knew that he could not leap out of the pit, having no room to gather for a spring, we dared not go near him in the darkness.

Next morning, accompanied by about a hundred natives, and taking a cage and ropes along, we made our way to the scene.

The sheep was stone dead, killed by fright. The lion

heard us coming, and all the rage in his royal breast began to boil.

Had the pit lacked a foot of its depth, he would certainly have escaped. Cramped as he was in the space, he had leaped up until his paws had almost touched the surface. Twice he leaped so high that the natives had to use their poles over his head to beat him back.

The scar was plainly to be seen, and the rejoicing over his capture was intense.

By means of slipnooses, which were finally worked over his head and legs, we hauled him up into the cage, and later on he found his way to Amsterdam and Paris. Naturalists judged him to be about twenty years old, and last year, when I heard direct from him, he was one of the attractions in a menagerie traveling in Prussia.

No lion of any age or experience will walk into a log trap built and baited to catch him, but the oldest and wisest tiger will.

All our tigers were captured between the Ganges River and the mountains to the north. This sparsely settled district had not then been penetrated by sportsmen, and the natives felt themselves helpless against the man-eaters.

Between Benares and the mountains half a dozen villages were abandoned inside of three months, owing to the presence of tigers, and there was a district forty miles long by ten broad which two man-eaters had actually reduced to a wilderness.

A lion may roam over a district fifty or a hundred miles in extent, and may travel twenty-five or thirty miles in a single night, but a tiger hangs to one locality as long as he can get a living, and unless in the dry season, when water is scarce, he will not travel further than necessary to find his food.

The natives dig pits for them, and once in a while one is thus captured; but a tiger in his prime has all the suppleness of a cat. He can gather and spring away even as he feels the ground giving way under his feet, and thus any victim is sure to be old and stiff, and of no value to a menagerie.

I saw one at Benares which had been caught in a pit, and he was near-sighted, and almost toothless from old age.

He might have knocked a man down with his paw, but I doubt if he could have eaten him.

When we caught the particular tiger I am now about to write of we were recommended to go from the small village of Woopur, on the Ganges, north to the village of Khokda, a distance of about thirty miles, where a man-eater of tremendous size had spread terror all over the district.

This one beast had driven three thousand natives out of the district and broken up five villages. He had in two years killed three hundred people, and had knocked over oxen and sheep by the hundred.

To prove his strength, a head man told us that the tiger had one evening sprang upon a large ox fastened to a tree in the outskirts of the village. The weight of the ox was given at nine hundred pounds, but the tiger knocked him down with one blow, tore him loose from the tree, breaking a very stout grass rope in so doing, and then drew the body nearly a mile over ground along which

no native could have made his way with twenty-five pounds of corn on his back.

We reached the village to find that many of the people had fled in terror, a woman having been killed and eaten two days before, and our appearance was hailed with joy. When they learned that we proposed to capture him alive the natives were in despair.

That night we had a sample of the tiger's character. Several fires had been built in the centre of the village, and while nearly everybody had gathered around, the man-eater entered the village, walked into a hut, and seized an old man who was lying ill. This hut was not over one hundred feet from our circle, and all of us saw the tiger as he came out with his burden.

He had seized the man by the right arm, near the elbow, and had given him a twist which flung him over his back. As we started up at the shrieks of the victim, the tiger trotted off as coolly as you please, growling a little over the firebrands thrown at him, but evidently having not the least fear of the crowd.

We were astir at an early hour next morning. The tiger's lair was in a piece of woods to the west of the village, and very likely in a rocky ravine in the center of the forest.

We soon found that he used one path in approaching the village, and as he had eaten nothing but human flesh for several months, he might be expected to come and go by this path as long as any one was left in the village.

Midway between his den and the village we built a stout log pen just to one side of the path, and when it was completed the door was held up by a cord running inside to a spindle on which the bait was to be attached.

We had everything ready by afternoon, and then came the question of bait.

Nothing but human flesh would do, but that did not worry the natives a bit. I think the head man would have ordered a sacrifice but for the fact that an old woman died about noon and we obtained permission to make use of the body as we desired. It seemed a horrible thing to do, but if we were to rid the district of the beast we must entice him into a trap. The body was carried there, seated in an upright position behind the spindle, and lashed to it, and then a dog was tied up in a corner of the pen.

A second dog was killed and his blood scattered over the leaves and earth about the pen, and just before dark we returned to the village.

It was about ten o'clock when we heard from the man-eater. There was a yell from the dog and a howl from the tiger in one breath, and we felt sure we had trapped him.

Soon after daylight a couple of natives went on a scout, and in the course of half an hour they came running back with the news that the man-eater was safe in the pen.

After breakfast the cage was carried up, and we had little difficulty in transferring the beast.

He was the longest, heaviest and tallest tiger any one of us had ever seen, and this was also the verdict of all others who got a peep at him.

He was sold to an English showman at a big price, and resold to the Royal Museum of Russia on account of his savage disposition and untamable nature.

GOOD READING

A dangling rope from a balloon caught the leg of Lorenzo Holland, fifteen years old, as it ascended, manned by H. C. Petty, who was making his first flight at Tusculumbia, Ala., Oct. 3. The boy hung on until 500 feet up, when both fell to their death with an unopened parachute.

Directors of the Indiana Harbor National Bank were in session at Hammond, Ind., when Mary Dopa, who weighs 235 pounds, fell through the skylight and landed in a sitting position on the long table among them. The directors scattered in panic, thinking a bomb had been exploded. Miss Dopa was not hurt. She had been hanging out clothes on the roof of an adjoining building and had tripped and fallen through the bank skylight.

If Leofric Temple, seventeen years old, doesn't salute the flag and take the pledge of allegiance in the Cedar Grove, N. J., High School hereafter, he will be expelled. Young Temple has refused steadily to do this. Recently the principal, Soley Hutchinson, took the matter up with the Cedar Grove Board of Education, and was given permission to expel the recalcitrant pupil if he fails to salute the flag in future. Frederick Temple, the boy's father, said he had given the young man his instructions. He said when he was made first lieutenant of the Fifth Canadian artillery he swore allegiance to the British flag, and he expected his boy to do likewise.

It has just been learned that several conferences were held in London lately among the directors of the Hamburg-American Line and Joseph Digiorio, president of the Atlantic Fruit Company, to discuss means of extending the war against the United Fruit Company. The Hamburg-American Line is largely interested in the Atlantic Fruit Company, and Director Ballin and William G. Sickel, general freight agent of the Hamburg-American Line in New York, took a prominent part in the conferences. Plans, it is learned, have been made to extend the fruit business to Europe. Mr. Sickel sailed for New York on September 27 on the Victoria Louise.

Frank Bassell, of Chappaqua, N. Y., was haled before County Judge Platt at White Plains on an assault charge the other day after demolishing his fiancée's piano with an ax because he did not like the music his rival played on it. Basell and Miss Annie Page were engaged to be married and he gave her \$400, part of which she spent on a new piano. Later Miss Page tired of Basell, but not of the piano. When he called and found her entertaining William Francis he took an ax and began chopping up the piano. Mr. Page interfered and in the scuffle was hit with the ax. He made a charge of assault against Basell, who was rebuked by Judge Platt and let off on suspended sentence.

Lieutenant H. C. Rockwell's defective sight probably was responsible for the aeroplane accident at the army aviation school September 28, in which the lieutenant,

who was flying the aeroplane, and Corporal F. S. Scott were killed. The army investigating board reported today, expressing the opinion that "the accident was caused by the aviator misjudging his height from the ground and his failure to bring the machine out of the glide in sufficient time to clear the ground." Many of Lieutenant Rockwell's friends have recalled he was subject to sudden spells of blurred vision. It is not unlikely that in the future all army aviators will have to pass a more rigid ocular test.

Ella C. Wolcott of Sheffield, Mass., met Everett C. Mundy at Elmhurst, N. Y., in the summer vacation months. She is a bright, vivacious girl and comes from an excellent Sheffield family. Mundy is a printer and works in Dover, Del. He proposed, was accepted and the wedding was set for September 26. Invitations were sent out, and on the date set all was ready for the wedding, but the bridegroom came out. Later there came a telegram saying that he could not come. He said he had missed the train and suggested that the bride-to-be advise him what to do. She wired him that he had better stay where he was. He wired back that he could come on Saturday, but Miss Wolcott replied that Saturday would not do and declared the wedding off.

Vandals have seriously injured another public fountain in New York City. This time it is the fountain which was erected at Riverside Drive and 116th street by the Woman's Health Protective Association. In recent months the Timothy P. Sullivan and the Lowell fountains have been badly treated by vandals, and a number of park statues have been damaged. Park Commissioner Stover is not sure whether thieves or mischievous boys had removed parts of the ornamental bronze fixtures on the Woman's Health Protective Association fountain. Some of the plumbing fixtures in the rear of the fountain were originally left uncovered because a thick ledge formed a background. A "strong box" will hereafter inclose such fixtures, as vandals had tampered with the unprotected appliances.

With one hand on the front platform bar of an Eighth street New York crosstown street car Patrolman John DeWitt of the Charles street station swung his body far around in front of the car as it shot rapidly along West Tenth street, between West Fourth and Bleecker streets, at 6 o'clock the other night, and snatched two-year-old James Jones, 218 West Tenth street, out of the middle of the track just as the car bumped the child. With an effort he held the boy free from danger with one hand until the car was stopped. Dr. Shaw of St. Vincent's Hospital was summoned and found that the child was unharmed with the exception of the slight shock it suffered. Many persons sought out Capt. William Clark of the Charles street station and commended Officer De Witt for saving the child's life. De Witt has only been on the force a year.

ARTICLES OF ALL KINDS

ROBERTS 80 YEARS OLD.

Field Marshal Earl Roberts celebrated his 80th birthday September 30.

The stanch old veteran is as active in mind and body as many a man twenty years his junior. It is characteristic of him that in the evening of his life he is devoting all his energies to the task of awakening the country to a sense of its military peril.

Hundreds of congratulatory messages poured in to the old soldier at his beautiful home at Ascot. The newspapers all refer to the day as "Roberts Day," and urge that it be so marked in future calendars.

A CENTURY OLD FROG.

"The jumping frog of Calaveras," made immortal by the pen of Mark Twain, has been shoved rudely from its pedestal in the hall of fame by an unnamed member of the genius amphibia which workmen engaged in clearing and blasting rock on the L. D. Loomis property in Santa Monica canyon, Cal., found imbedded in limestone three feet beneath the surface.

The frog must have been immured for several hundred years.

Apparently petrified and incased in the crumbling though lumpy rock, the frog was taken by an astonished workman and laid upon a rock, where in a few seconds it showed signs of life.

After several minutes it blinked confusedly, drew a long breath and rolled to the ground, where, in long leaps, it eluded the best efforts of the workmen to recapture it.

GIVES SKIN FOR BROTHER.

Surgeons at Bellevue Hospital, New York, grafted five square inches of skin from the back of twelve-year-old Alice Schulboff yesterday so that her brother, Wilfred, four years old, might recover from burns he received when he fell into a bonfire on August 23. At the end of the operation Dr. Camp said the grafting was a success, and that both children would leave the hospital in a few days.

Wilfred had been in the hospital for several weeks with burns that would not heal, and the surgeons decided that the only way he could be cured was by grafting skin from the body of a healthy person. The other night the little girl came to the hospital and announced that she wished to part with some of her skin so that her little brother might live.

When told of the success of the operation Alice laughed and said that she would be glad to have given more to Wilfred. Physicians at the hospital say this is the first case in their recollection where skin has been grafted from so young a person.

CHANCE SELLS HIS STOCK.

Frank L. Chance, manager of the Chicago Cubs, announced recently that he had sold his stock in the club to

Harry Ackerland of Pittsburg. Chance refused to name the price, but declared that he did not lose any money.

Chance could not well lose on the deal, as the dividends on his stock the first year paid for it all except \$50, and that sum was made up to him by Charley Murphy. His holding of the stock amounted to about 10 per cent. of the total, and Chance has said that he considered the securities worth \$80,000.

Chance denied that he intended to sever his connection with the Cubs.

"I expect to stay right here and manage the team," he said. "I'm still manager of the Cubs, and I have satisfactory reasons for believing that I am to be retained in that position."

Chance said, however, that if he did not manage the Cubs he would manage some other ball club. He added that he had had no meeting with President Murphy and had no meeting definitely in view.

When Murphy was asked what negotiations, if any, had taken place between him and his manager, he replied that he had nothing to say.

FALLS 125 FEET DOWN A STACK.

Ben Peasely, a 24-year-old steeplejack of many successful ascensions, was sent at noon the other day to the top of one of the 125-foot smokestacks of the Standard Oil Company in Bayonne, N. J., to repair the interior framework which gives the funnel stability. It was a task he had often accomplished before, and he thought nothing of climbing through the soot of the interior with a 25-pound joist tucked under his left arm.

Some workmen lounging in the yards during the lunch hour saw Peasely's head and shoulders appear above the rim of the smokestack while he sat on a crossbeam, and then suddenly, in a gust of wind, it appeared as though he had lost his balance and fallen over edgewise in the stack.

The men ran to the furnace room, where they found Peasely's body huddled in a pile of soot. Presumably he had struck every one of the ninety crosspieces in his fall, but he still clutched in his hands the joist which he had carried up with him. When they pulled him out of the debris he was still conscious.

"Gee, but that was some fall," he murmured to a companion steeplejack; "some fall, and an awful hard floor."

At the Bayonne Hospital, where Peasely was taken, it was said that all his ribs, both legs and his left arm were broken, and that he could not last through the night, though he seemed possessed of wonderful vitality.

Statement of the Ownership, Management, Circulation, etc., of "FAME AND FORTUNE WEEKLY," published weekly, at 168 W. 23d st., New York. Required by the Act of August 24, 1912. Editor—SINCLAIR TOUSEY, 168 W. 23d st., New York. Publisher—FRANK TOUSEY, publisher, 168 W. 23d st., New York. Owners—FRANK TOUSEY, publisher, 168 W. 23d st., New York; SINCLAIR TOUSEY, 168 W. 23d st., New York; NORMA HASTINGS, 168 W. 23d st., New York. Known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders, holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, and other securities—NONE. SINCLAIR TOUSEY, Editor. Sworn to and subscribed before me this second day of October, 1912. Wm. H. Rockwood, Notary Public N. Y. Co., No. 55. (My commission expires March 21, 1913.)



ELECTRIC PUSH BUT-TON.—The base is made of maple, and the center piece of black walnut, the whole thing about 1 1/4 inches in diameter, with a metal hook on the back so that it may be slipped over edge of the vest pocket. Expose to view your New Electric Bell, when your friend will

push the button expecting to hear it ring. As soon as he touches it, you will see some of the liveliest dancing you ever witnessed. The Electric Button is heavily charged and will give a smart shock when the button is pushed. Price 10c., by mail, postpaid.

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A handsome metal instrument, made in Germany, from which peculiar but sweet music can be produced.

Its odd shape, which resembles a torpedo boat, will attract much attention. We send instructions with each instrument, by the aid of which anyone can in a short time play any tune and produce very sweet music on this odd-looking instrument. Price, 10c. by mail, postpaid.

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THE GREAT FIRE EATER.



A great Sensational Trick of the Day! With the Fire Eater in his possession any person can become a perfect salamander, apparently breathing fire and ejecting thousands of brilliant sparks from his mouth, to the horror and consternation of all beholders. Harmless fun for all times, seasons and places. If you wish

to produce a decided sensation in your neighborhood don't fail to procure one. We send the Fire Eater with all the materials, in a handsome box, the cover of which is highly ornamented with illustrations in various colors. Price of all complete only 15c., or 4 boxes for 50c., mailed postpaid; one dozen by express \$1.20.

N. B.—Full printed instructions for performing the trick accompany each box, which also contains sufficient material for giving several exhibitions.

H. F. LANG, 1815 Centre St., B'klyn, N. Y.

ITCH POWDER.



Gez whiz! What fun you can have with this stuff. Moisten the tip of your finger, tap it on the contents of the box, and a little bit will stick. Then shake hands with your friend, or drop a speck down his back. In a minute he will feel as if he had the seven years' itch. It

will make him scratch, roar, squirm and make faces. But it is perfectly harmless, as it is made from the seeds of wild roses. The horrible itch stops in a few minutes, or can be checked immediately by rubbing the spot with a wet cloth. While it is working, you will be apt to laugh your suspender buttons off. The best joke of all. Price 10 cents a box, by mail, postpaid.

WOLFF NOVELTY CO., 29 W. 26th St., N. Y.

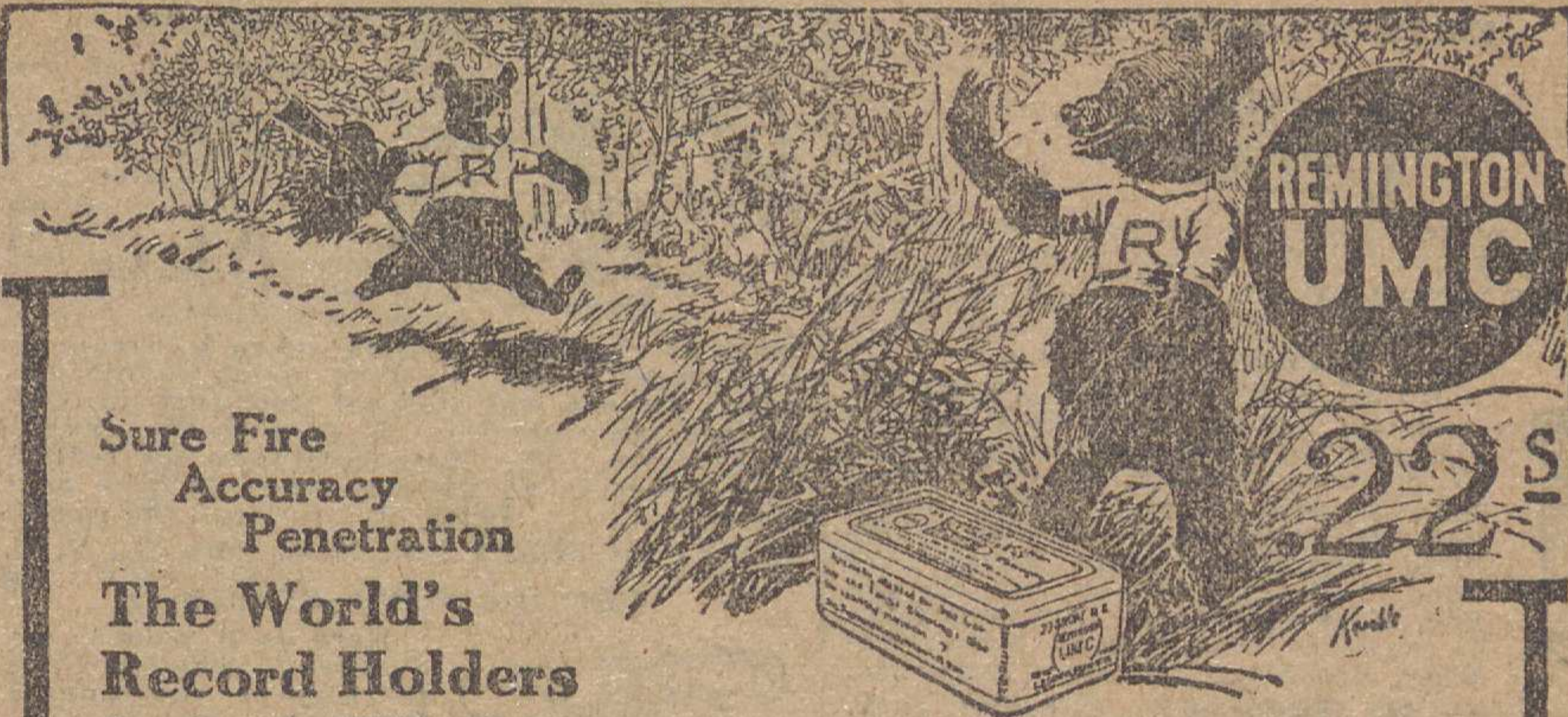
SNAKES IN THE GRASS



Something entirely new, consisting of six large cones, each one nearly one inch in height. Upon lighting one of these cones with a match, you see something similar to a 4th of July exhibi-

tion of fireworks. Sparks fly in every direction, and as the cone burns down it throws out and is surrounded with what appears to be grass; at the same time a large snake uncoils himself from the burning cone and lazily stretches out in the grass, which at last burns to ashes but the snake remains as a curiosity unharmed. They are not at all dangerous and can be set off in the parlor if placed on some metal surface that will not burn. An ordinary dust pan answers the purpose nicely. Price of the six cones, packed in sawdust, in a strong wooden box, only 10c., 3 boxes for 25c., 1 dozen boxes 75c., sent by mail postpaid.

M. O'NEILL, 425 W. 56th St., N. Y.



**Sure Fire
Accuracy
Penetration**

**The World's
Record Holders**

**Remington-UMC .22 cal.
cartridges have broken
two records in two years.**

The Remington-UMC cubs make a fine

The present world's 100-shot gallery record, 2484 ex 2500, held by Arthur Hubalek was made with these hard hitting .22's.

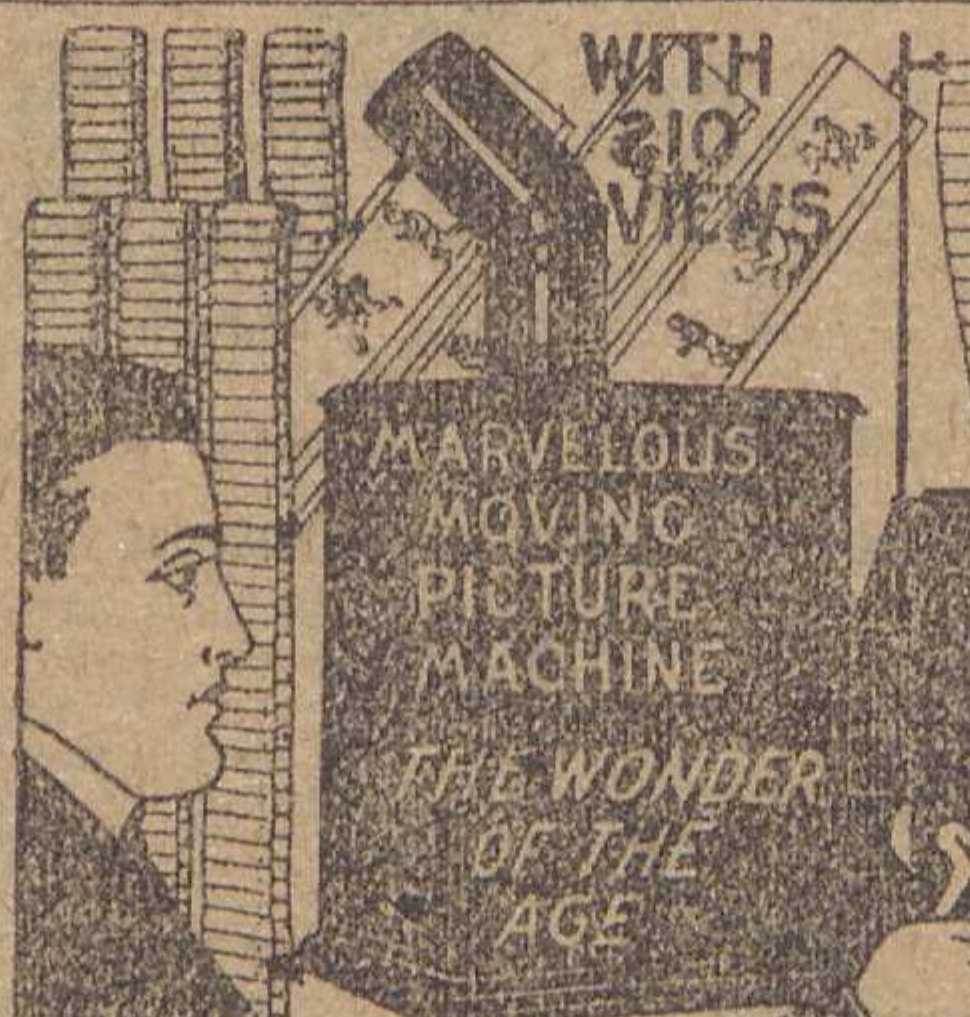
They will help you, too, to break your best shooting records.

**Remington-UMC .22's are made, too, with hollow point bullets.
This increases their shocking and killing power.**

Remington-UMC—the perfect shooting combination

REMINGTON ARMS-UNION METALLIC CARTRIDGE CO.

299 Broadway, New York City



**BOYS Give Shows!
GIRLS Make Money!**

**We Give A Wonderful MOVING PICTURE MACHINE
—210 Views and other
200 PRESENTS FREE**

To Boys and Girls who sell our New Gold-Eye Needles at only 5 cents a pair. EASY TO SELL because you give FREE a silver aluminum thumb with every 2 packages. Your neighbors buy you out in a few minutes.

WE TRUST YOU! Write plainly your name and address (use postals) ordering 25 papers of needles and 12 thumbes. We mail, post-paid at once. Sell—return our \$1.25, selecting the Premium our Big 200-Book shows you entitled to. Order today—extra prize for quick work. Big cash commission if you prefer. **Earn All These Presents in a Few Days.**

WAVERLY SUPPLY COMPANY, Box 456 Monongahela, Pa.



PICTURE POSTALS.



They consist of Jungle sets, Map and Seal of States, Good Luck cards, Comics, with witty sayings and funny pictures, cards showing celebrated person's buildings, etc. In fact, there is such a great variety that it is not possible to describe them here. They are beautifully embossed in exquisite colors, some with glazed surfaces, and others in matt. Absolutely the handsomest cards issued. Price 15c. for 25 cards by mail.

WOLFF NOVELTY CO., 29 W. 26th St., N. Y.

THE AUTOPHONE.



A small musical instrument that produces very sweet musical notes by placing it between the lips with the tongue over the edge, and blowing gently into the instrument. The notes produced are not unlike those of the flute and flute. We send full printed instructions whereby anyone can play

anything they can hum, whistle or sing, with very little practice. Price, 10c.; 3 for 25c., mailed, postpaid.

J. KENNEDY, 56 Sedgwick Av., Yonkers, N. Y.

RAPID CIGARETTE MAKER.



This little article should be in the pocket of every smoker. With it a perfect cigarette can be made in ten seconds. You will find them equal in appearance and far superior in quality to commercial ones, at less than a quarter of the cost. With our cigarette maker in your possession, you can smoke a pipe or cigarette at pleasure, as it's just as easy to roll a cigarette as to fill a pipe. Every part of the cigarette maker is handsomely nickel-plated. Price, 15c., or 3 for 40c. by mail, postpaid.

WOLFF NOVELTY CO., 29 W. 26th St., N. Y.

ALL THIS 10c

1 Voice Thrower (Heid unseen in the mouth; fools 'em all) 1 How to Imitate Animals and Birds, 1 Im. Gold Tooth 1 Mysterious Envelope Trick, 1 Instruction sheet, 1 Punch and Judy Show Instrument, and our Great Catalog ALL sent to YOU prepaid for only a Silver Dime. **THE M. T. McKINLEY CO., WINONA, MINN.**



WEIRD & NOBBY 15c

This Skull & Crossbones Ring. sil-ver finish; flashing red or green eyes. Looks well, wears well and pleases. Draws attention everywhere. Price only 15c or 2 for 25c; worth more. Wholesale: 12 for \$1.00. Big seller. **W. E. HILLPOT, Frenchtown, N. J.**

VENTRILOQUISM

Almost anyone can learn it at home. Small cost. Send to-day 2-cent stamp for particulars and proof. **O. A. SMITH, Room 1067—323 Bigelow St., Peoria, Ill.**

LOTS OF FUN FOR A DIME

Ventriloquists Double Throat Fits roof of mouth; always invisible; greatest thing yet. Astonish and mystify your friends. Neigh like a horse; whine like a puppy; sing like a canary and imitate birds and beasts of field and forest. **LOADS OF FUN.** Wonderful invention. Thousands sold. Price only 10 cents; 4 for 25 cents or 12 for 60 cents. **DOUBLE THROAT CO., DEPT. K FRENCHTOWN, N. J.**

OLD COINS

\$1.75 paid for RARE date 1853 quarters. \$20.00 for \$1. We pay a CASH premium on hundreds of coins; keep all money dated before 1884 and send TEN cents at once for our New Illustrated Coin Value Book, size 4x7. It may mean your fortune. **C. F. CLARKE & CO., Coin Dealers, Dept. 63 LEROY, NEW YORK**

THE BAD MOTHER-IN-LAW.

It consists of the eyes, nose and hair to make up a funny old woman's face, using your hand as the medium. The box containing them has full directions for making up the comical old mug. Then you use it as a subject for ventriloquism by merely altering the tones of your voice to make the funny figure appear to talk. Any child can use it and create more fun than an actor on the stage. Price, 3c. each, postpaid. **J. KENNEDY, 56 Sedgwick Av., Yonkers, N. Y.**

IMITATION GOLD TEETH.



Gold plated tooth, shape made so that it will fit any tooth. Price, 5c., postpaid.

WOLFF NOVELTY CO., 29 W. 26th St., N. Y.

MICROSCOPE.



By use of this wonderful little microscope you can magnify a drop of stagnant water until you see dozens of crawling insects; is also useful for inspecting grain, pork, linen, and numerous other articles. This little instrument does equally as good work as the best microscopes and is invaluable to the household. Is made of best finished brass; size when closed 1x2½ inches. Price, 30c.

L. Senarens, 347 Winthrop St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

GET A LOCUST.



Clicks like a telegraph sounder. The best rooster made, for Baseball Games, Meetings, and Sporting Events. Just the thing to make a big noise. So small you

can carry it in your vest pocket, but it is as good as a brass band, made of lacquered metal, and stamped to look exactly like a locust. It is as ornamental as it is useful. Suitable for young and old. Price, 12c. each, by mail.

H. F. LANG, 1815 Centre St., B'klyn, N. Y.

THE JOKER'S CIGAR.



The biggest sell of the season. A real cigar made of tobacco, but secreted in the center of cigar about one-half inch from end is a fountain of sparklets. The moment the fire reaches this fountain hundreds of sparks of fire burst forth in every direction, to the astonishment of the smoker. The fire is stage fire, and will not burn the skin or clothing. After the fireworks the victim can continue smoking the cigar to the end. Price, 10c.; 3 for 25c; 1 dozen, 90c., mailed, postpaid.

WOLFF NOVELTY CO., 29 W. 26th St., N. Y.

THE CAMERA CIGAR HOLDER.



A beautiful ebonized cigar holder that takes pictures. Every smoker who loves fun will want one to entertain his friends. We furnish with each holder material, all prepared, for making six different photographs, and guarantee every paper to produce a completely finished photograph if directions are followed. Directions—Take holder apart at the joints, roll up one of the small blank papers (six furnished with each holder) and insert it in the holder. Put the holder together and smoke a cigar for one minute. A beautiful finished photograph will appear on the paper, which can be taken out and preserved for years. Price of holder, with six blank pictures, 10c.; 3 for 25c. by mail, postpaid; extra blanks, 5c. per dozen.

J. KENNEDY, 56 Sedgwick Av., Yonkers, N. Y.

KANGAROO PADLOCK.



A handsome padlock stamped out of polished steel. It locks itself when the hasp is pressed down into the lock, but the puzzle is to unlock it. You can instantly unlock it with the key, but no one not in the secret can unlock it. You can slip the hasp through a friend's buttonhole and force him to wear it until you release it, although he may have the key to the lock; or a boy and girl can be locked together by slipping the hasp through a buttonhole of their clothing. Many other innocent and amusing jokes can be perpetrated with it upon your friends and acquaintances. It is not only a strong, useful padlock, but one of the best puzzles ever invented. Full printed instructions sent with each lock. They are a bonanza for agents, as they can be readily sold for 25 cents each. Our price, 15c.; 2 for 25c.; one dozen, \$1.20, sent by mail, postpaid.

WOLFF NOVELTY CO., 29 W. 26th St., N. Y.

FALSE NOSES.



Change your face! Have a barrel of fun! They are life-like reproductions of funny noses, made of shaped cloth, waxed, and colored. When placed over your nose, they remain on securely, and only a close inspection reveals their false character. All shapes, such as pugs, hooks, short-horn lemons, and rum blossoms. Better than a false face. Can be carried in the vest pocket.

Price, by mail, 10c. each.

H. F. LANG, 1815 Centre St., B'klyn, N. Y.

SURPRISE KINEMATOGRAPH.



The greatest hit of the season! It consists of a small metal, nicked tube, with a lens eye view, which shows a pretty ballet girl in tights. Hand it to a friend, who will be delighted with the first picture; tell him to turn the screw in center of instrument to change the views, when a stream of water squirts into his face, much to his disgust. Anyone who has not seen this kinematograph in operation is sure to be caught every time. The instrument can be refilled with water in an instant, ready for the next customer. Price 25c. by mail, postpaid.

WOLFF NOVELTY CO., 29 W. 26th St., N. Y.

CHINESE RING PUZZLE.



Here is a genuine "corker." The object is to remove the handle from the rings. Made of polished brass and each one in a box. The

bar can be taken out and replaced in less than five minutes without bending the rings or bar, when you know how to do the trick. Price by mail, postpaid, 10c.; 3 for 25c.

J. KENNEDY, 56 Sedgwick Av., Yonkers, N. Y.

DEVILINE'S WHISTLE.



Nickel plated and polished; it produces a near-piercing sound; large seller; illustration actual size. Price, 12c. by mail.

WOLFF NOVELTY CO., 29 W. 26th St., N. Y.

HAPPY HOOLIGAN JOKER.



With this joker in the lapel of your coat, you can make a dead shot every time. Complete with rubber ball and tubing. Price, 15c. by mail, postpaid.

J. KENNEDY, 56 Sedgwick Av., Yonkers, N. Y.

CARD THROUGH THE HAT TRICK



With this trick you borrow a hat, and apparently shove a card up through the crown, without injuring the card or hat. The operation can be reversed, the performer seemingly pushing the card down through the crown into the hat again. It is a trick which will puzzle and interest the closest observer and detection is almost impossible. It is so simple that a child can learn how to perform it in a few minutes.

Price 10 cents each, by mail, post-paid

M. O'NEILL, 425 W. 56th St., N. Y.

GOOD LUCK BANKS.



Ornamental as well as useful. Made of highly nicked brass. It holds just One Dollar. When filled it opens itself. Remains locked until refilled. Can be used as a watchcharm. Money refunded if not satisfied. Price, 10c. by mail.

L. SENARENS, 347 Winthrop St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

LAUGHING CAMERA.



Everybody grotesquely photographed; stout people look thin, and vice versa.

Price, 25c. postpaid.

WOLFF NOVELTY CO., 29 W. 26th St., N. Y.

THE HELLO PUZZLE



Can you get the ring off? This puzzle is the latest creation of Yankee ingenuity. Apparently it is the easiest thing in the world to remove the ring from the block, but it takes hours of study to discover the trick, unless you know how it is done. Price by mail, postpaid, 10c.; 3 for 25c.

H. F. LANG, 1815 Centre St., B'klyn, N. Y.

FALSE MUSTACHE AND BEARD.



This is a novelty whereby you can make a great number of changes; in fact, you can so disguise yourself that your best friend won't know you. This mustache and beard are so made that you can fix the same to your face and they will stay on. They are a very valuable acquisition to your make-up when you mask or when you take part in some amateur theatrical.

Price by mail, postpaid, 10c. a set; 3 for 25c.

WOLFF NOVELTY CO., 29 W. 26th St., N. Y.

CACHOO OR SNEEZING POWDER.



The greatest fun-maker of them all. A small amount of this powder, when blown in a room, will cause everyone to sneeze without anyone knowing where it comes from. It is very light, will float in the air for some time, and penetrate every nook and corner of a room. It is perfectly harmless. Cachoo is put up in bottles, and one bottle contains enough to be used from 10 to 15 times. Price, by mail, 10c. each; 3 for 25c.

WOLFF NOVELTY CO., 29 W. 26th St., N. Y.

TRICK PUZZLE PURSE.



The first attempt usually made to open it, is to press down the little knob in the center of the purse, when a small needle runs out and stabs them in the finger, but does not open it. You can open it before their eyes and still they will be unable to open it.

Price, 25c. each by mail, postpaid.

H. F. LANG, 1815 Centre St., B'klyn, N. Y.

SURPRISE LETTER DRUM.



Stung! That was one on you! The joke? You send a friend a letter. He opens it, and that releases the drum. Instantly the sheet of note paper begins to bang and thump furiously, with a ripping, tearing sound. Guaranteed to make a man with iron nerves almost jump out of his skin. You can catch the sharpest wisenheimer with this one. Don't miss getting a few. Price, 6c. each by mail.

WOLFF NOVELTY CO., 29 W. 26th St., N. Y.

THE SURPRISE BOUQUET.



The best practical joke of the season. This beautiful buttonhole bouquet is made of artificial flowers and leaves which so closely resemble natural flowers that not one person in a thousand would detect the difference. After placing the bouquet in your buttonhole you call the attention of a friend to its beauty and fragrance. He will very naturally step forward and smell of it, when, to his utter astonishment, a fine stream of water will be thrown into his face. Where the water comes from is a mystery, as you can have your hands at your side or behind you, and not touch the bouquet in any manner. You can give one dozen or more persons a shower bath without removing the bouquet from your buttonhole, and after the water is exhausted it can be immediately refilled without removing it from your coat. Cologne can be used in place of water when desired. We have many funny things in our stock, but nothing that excels this. Price, complete in a beautiful box, with full printed instructions, 25c., or 3 for 60c. by mail, postpaid.

J. KENNEDY, 56 Sedgwick Av., Yonkers, N. Y.

MANY TOOL KEY RING.



The wonder of the age. The greatest small tool in the world. In this little instrument you have in combination seven useful tools embracing Key Ring, Pencil Sharpener, Nail Cutter and Cleaner, Watch Opener, Cigar Clipper, Letter Opener and Screw Driver. It is not a toy, but a useful article, made of cutlery steel, tempered and highly nicked. Therefore will carry an edge the same as any piece of cutlery. As a useful tool, nothing has ever been offered to the public to equal it. Price, 15c., mailed, postpaid.

WOLFF NOVELTY CO., 29 W. 26th St., N. Y.

ROUGH AND READY TUMBLERS.



These lively acrobats are handsomely decorated with the U. S. flag and with gold and silver stars and hearts. Upon placing them upon any flat surface and tilting it they at once begin a most wonderful performance, climbing and tumbling over each other and chasing each other in every direction, as if the evil spirit was after them, causing roars of laughter from the spectators. They actually appear imbued with life. What causes them to cut up such antics is a secret that may not be known even to the owner of the unruly subjects. If you want some genuine fun send for a set of our tumblers.

Price per set, 10c. mailed, postpaid.

A. A. WARFORD, 16 Hart St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

THE BUCULO CIGAR.



The most remarkable trick-cigar in the world. It smokes without tobacco, and never gets smaller. Anyone can have a world of fun with it, especially if you smoke it in the presence of a person who dislikes the odor of tobacco. It looks exactly like a fine perfecto, and the smoke is so real that it is bound to deceive the closest observer.

Price, 12c. each, postpaid.

WOLFF NOVELTY CO., 29 W. 26th St., N. Y.

OUR TEN-CENT HAND BOOKS

No. 1. NAPOLEON'S ORACULUM AND DREAM BOOK.—Containing the great oracle of human destiny; also the true meaning of almost any kind of dreams, together with charms, ceremonies, and curious games of cards.

No. 2. HOW TO DO TRICKS.—The great book of magic and card tricks, containing full instruction on all the leading card tricks of the day, also the most popular magical illusions as performed by our leading magicians; every boy should obtain a copy of this book.

No. 3. HOW TO FLIRT.—The arts and wiles of flirtation are fully explained by this little book. Besides the various methods of handkerchief, fan, glove, parasol, window and hat flirtation, it contains a full list of the language and sentiment of flowers.

No. 4. HOW TO DANCE is the title of this little book. It contains full instructions in the art of dancing, etiquette in the ball-room and at parties, how to dress, and full directions for calling off in all popular square dances.

No. 5. HOW TO MAKE LOVE.—A complete guide to love, courtship and marriage, giving sensible advice, rules and etiquette to be observed.

No. 6. HOW TO BECOME AN ATHLETE.—Giving full instruction for the use of dumbbells, Indian clubs, parallel bars, horizontal bars and various other methods of developing a good, healthy muscle; containing over sixty illustrations.

No. 7. HOW TO KEEP BIRDS.—Handsomely illustrated and containing full instructions for the management and training of the canary, mockingbird, bobolink, blackbird, parrot, etc.

No. 9. HOW TO BECOME A VENTRILOQUIST.—By Harry Kennedy. Every intelligent boy reading this book of instructions can master the art, and create any amount of fun for himself and friends.

No. 10. HOW TO BOX.—The art of self-defense made easy. Containing over thirty illustrations of guards, blows, and the different positions of a good boxer. Every boy should obtain one of these useful and instructive books, as it will teach you how to box without an instructor.

No. 11. HOW TO WRITE LOVE-LETTERS.—A most complete little book, containing full directions for writing love-letters, and when to use them, giving specimen letters for young and old.

No. 12. HOW TO WRITE LETTERS TO LADIES.—Giving complete instructions for writing letters to ladies on all subjects; also letters of introduction, notes and requests.

No. 13. HOW TO DO IT; OR, BOOK OF ETIQUETTE.—It is a great life secret, and one that every young man desires to know all about. There's happiness in it.

No. 14. HOW TO MAKE CANDY.—A complete hand-book for making all kinds of candy, ice-cream, syrups, essences, etc., etc.

No. 18. HOW TO BECOME BEAUTIFUL.—One of the brightest and most valuable little books ever given to the world. Everybody wishes to know how to become beautiful, both male and female. The secret is simple, and almost costless.

No. 20. HOW TO ENTERTAIN AN EVENING PARTY.—A complete compendium of games, sports, card diversions, comic recitations, etc., suitable for parlor or drawing-room entertainment.

No. 21. HOW TO HUNT AND FISH.—The most complete hunting and fishing guide ever published. It contains full instructions about guns, hunting dogs, traps, trapping and fishing, together with description of game and fish.

No. 22. HOW TO DO SECOND SIGHT.—Heller's second sight explained by his former assistant, Fred Hunt, Jr. Explaining how the secret dialogues were carried on between the magician and the boy on the stage; also giving all the codes and signals.

No. 23. HOW TO EXPLAIN DREAMS.—This little book gives the explanation to all kinds of dreams, together with lucky and unlucky days.

No. 24. HOW TO WRITE LETTERS TO GENTLEMEN.—Containing full directions for writing to gentlemen on all subjects.

No. 25. HOW TO BECOME A GYMNAST.—Containing full instructions for all kinds of gymnastic sports and athletic exercises. Embracing thirty-five illustrations.

No. 26. HOW TO ROW, SAIL AND BUILD A BOAT.—Fully illustrated. Full instructions are given in this little book, together with instructions on swimming and riding, companion sports to boating.

No. 27. HOW TO RECITE AND BOOK OF RECITATIONS.—Containing the most popular selections in use, comprising Dutch dialect, French dialect, Yankee and Irish dialect pieces, together with many standard readings.

No. 28. HOW TO TELL FORTUNES.—Everyone is desirous of knowing what his future life will bring forth, whether happiness or misery, wealth or poverty. You can tell by a glance at this little book.

No. 29. HOW TO BECOME AN INVENTOR.—Every boy should know how inventions originated. This book explains them all, giving examples in electricity, hydraulics, magnetism, optics, pneumatics, mechanics, etc.

No. 30. ILLUSTRATED COOKBOOK.—One of the most instructive books ever published. It contains full directions for cooking meats, fish, game, and oysters; also pies, puddings, cakes and all kinds of pastry, and a grand collection of recipes.

No. 31. HOW TO BECOME A SPEAKER.—Containing fourteen illustrations, giving the different positions requisite to become a good speaker, reader and elocutionist. Also containing gems from all the popular authors of prose and poetry.

No. 32. HOW TO BEHAVE.—Containing the rules and etiquette of good society and the easiest and most approved methods of appearing to good advantage at parties, balls, the theatre, church, and in the drawing-room.

No. 35. HOW TO PLAY GAMES.—A complete and useful little book, containing the rules and regulations of billiards bagatelle, backgammon, croquet, dominoes, etc.

No. 36. HOW TO SOLVE CONUNDRUMS.—Containing all the leading conundrums of the day, amusing riddles, curious catches and witty sayings.

No. 38. HOW TO BECOME YOUR OWN DOCTOR.—A wonderful book, containing useful and practical information in the treatment of ordinary diseases and ailments common to every family. Abounding in useful and effective recipes for general complaints.

No. 39. HOW TO RAISE DOGS, POULTRY, PIGEONS AND RABBITS.—A useful and instructive book. Handsomely illustrated.

No. 40. HOW TO MAKE AND SET TRAPS.—Including hints on how to catch moles, weasels, otter, rats, squirrels and birds. Also how to cure skins. Copiously illustrated.

No. 41. THE BOYS OF NEW YORK END MEN'S JOKE BOOK.—Containing a great variety of the latest jokes used by the most famous end men. No amateur minstrels is complete without this wonderful little book.

No. 42. THE BOYS OF NEW YORK STUMP SPEAKER.—Containing a varied assortment of stump speeches, Negro, Dutch and Irish. Also end men's jokes.

No. 43. HOW TO BECOME A MAGICIAN.—Containing the grandest assortment of magical illusions ever placed before the public. Also tricks with cards, incantations, etc.

No. 44. HOW TO WRITE IN AN ALBUM.—A grand collection of Album Verses suitable for any time and occasion; embracing Lines of Love, Affection, Sentiment, Humor, Respect, and Condolence; also Verses Suitable for Valentines and Weddings.

No. 45. THE BOYS OF NEW YORK MINSTREL GUIDE AND JOKE BOOK.—Something new and very instructive. Every boy should obtain this book, as it contains full instructions for organizing an amateur minstrel troupe.

No. 46. HOW TO MAKE AND USE ELECTRICITY.—A description of the wonderful uses of electricity and electro magnetism; together with full instructions for making Electric Toys, Batteries, etc. By George Trebel, A. M., M. D. Containing over fifty illustrations.

No. 48. HOW TO BUILD AND SAIL CANOES.—A handy book for boys, containing full directions for constructing canoes and the most popular manner of sailing them. Fully illustrated.

No. 49. HOW TO DEBATE.—Giving rules for conducting debates, outlines for debates, questions for discussion, and the best sources for procuring information on the questions given.

No. 50. HOW TO STUFF BIRDS AND ANIMALS.—A valuable book, giving instructions in collecting, preparing, mounting and preserving birds, animals and insects.

No. 51. HOW TO DO TRICKS WITH CARDS.—Containing explanations of the general principles of sleight-of-hand applicable to card tricks; of card tricks with ordinary cards, and not requiring sleight-of-hand; of tricks involving sleight-of-hand, or the use of specially prepared cards. Illustrated.

No. 52. HOW TO PLAY CARDS.—Giving the rules and full directions for playing Euchre, Cribbage, Casino, Forty-five, Rounce, Pedro Sancho, Draw Poker, Auction Pitch, All Fours, and many other popular games of cards.

No. 53. HOW TO WRITE LETTERS.—A wonderful little book, telling you how to write to your sweetheart, your father, mother, sister, brother, employer; and, in fact, everybody and anybody you wish to write to.

No. 54. HOW TO KEEP AND MANAGE PETS.—Giving complete information as to the manner and method of raising, keeping, taming, breeding, and managing all kinds of pets; also giving full instructions for making cages, etc. Fully explained by twenty-eight illustrations.

No. 55. HOW TO COLLECT STAMPS AND COINS.—Containing valuable information regarding the collecting and arranging of stamps and coins. Handsomely illustrated.

No. 56. HOW TO BECOME AN ENGINEER.—Containing full instructions how to become a locomotive engineer; also directions for building a model locomotive; together with a full description of everything an engineer should know.

No. 60. HOW TO BECOME A PHOTOGRAPHER.—Containing useful information regarding the Camera and how to work it; also how to make Photographic Magic Lantern Slides and other Transparencies. Handsomely illustrated.

No. 62. HOW TO BECOME A WEST POINT MILITARY CADET.—Explains how to gain admittance, course of Study, Examinations, Duties, Staff of Officers, Post Guard, Police Regulations, Fire Department, and all a boy should know to be a cadet. By Lu Senarens.

No. 63. HOW TO BECOME A NAVAL CADET.—Complete instructions of how to gain admission to the Annapolis Naval Academy. Also containing the course of instruction, description of grounds and buildings, historical sketch, and everything a boy should know to become an officer in the United States Navy. By Lu Senarens.

No. 64. HOW TO MAKE ELECTRICAL MACHINES.—Containing full directions for making electrical machines, induction coils, dynamos, and many novel toys to be worked by electricity. By R. A. R. Bennett. Fully illustrated.

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